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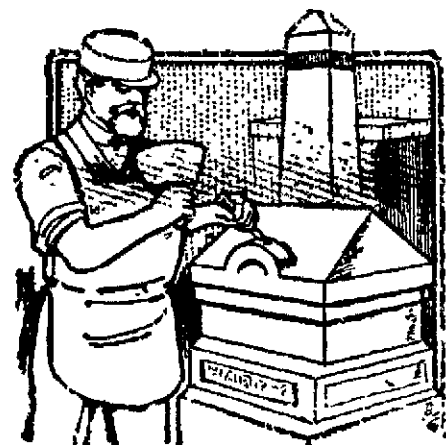
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EXETER HAPPENINGS.

**Academy Eleven Shaping Up For
Andover Game.**

**Capt. Cooper Wins Finals In Golf
Club Tournament.**

Budget of Other Timely Topics From
Our Special Correspondent.

Exeter, Oct. 28.
The Phillips Exeter football team yesterday afternoon began its final two weeks of practice before the Andover game. The sick and injured list has been large throughout the year thus far, and yesterday afternoon saw no decrease in it, but rather an increase. Jenkins, fullback; Hammel, halfback; Dillon, guard; Captain Brill, tackle; Evans and Holzman, ends, and Marshall, who will play either end or tackle, were not in the lineup. Mead, who played such a remarkable game at end against Worcester, hurt his ankle quite badly yesterday afternoon.

The practice was very snappy. All the season the second team's backs have been able to plough through the regular team's line at will. Yesterday afternoon, even with Pope, it was seldom that they could make their distance. The first team's back carried the ball well, but Blodge, Jenkins' sub, was the chief ground gainer. Harris played well at quarter.

The finals in the Exeter Golf club tournament were played yesterday afternoon between Gen. William P. Chadwick and Capt. Arthur F. Cooper. The latter won, defeating his opponent by a score of 4 up and 2 to play. By winning the tournament Captain Cooper secures the Velocipede medal and is the champion of the Exeter Golf club for the coming year. General Chadwick gave the cup to the club.

Coal still remains at the same old price in Exeter, the end of the coal strike being of no moment in that direction here. The local coal dealers do not look for any change at present, but when the anthracite coal begins to arrive they do not expect much difference in prices from those in former years. No hard coal will be received in Exeter this year before the river freezes over; consequently, as it will be necessary for it to come by rail, the prices would be a little higher anyway. H. W. Anderson is daily expecting his first cargo of Welsh anthracite, as it was shipped from Wales on Oct. 13.

The prices of wood remain the same as before the strike and the demand is as great. There are many devices in use for heating purposes this fall. One of the most peculiar was that of Maurice J. Dwyer, who saturated bricks with oil. He says they will burn for a considerable length of time.

The electric plant at the Exeter Manufacturing company's mill is nearly completed. The wiring is done and the foundations for the engine are in. The engine is a fifty horse power affair.

The funeral services of William Parkson were held at his home on South street yesterday noon. Rev. William Woods of the Methodist church officiating. The body was taken to Newmarket for burial.

The republicans contemplate holding another rally this week, with Congressman Powers as the leading speaker. The socialists will hold a rally some night this week, probably Wednesday.

Miss Cora B. Pierson, teacher at the Court street primary school, is confined to her home on Maple street by illness. Miss Mary F. Talbot has charge of the school.

Frank F. Shute is visiting his parents in town. He will go to Lake-wood, N. J., soon, and he will open his winter hotel Nov. 15.

On account of the non-arrival of scenery the Elita May Winn company will not give its first performance until Thursday evening.

KITTERY.

Kittery, Me., Oct. 28.
Joseph W. Hobbs, principal of the Kittery High school, has been taking

an enforced vacation from his duties for several days, on account of illness.

Mrs. Ann Neal will pass the coming winter in Jacksonville, Fla., with Judge James Locke and family.

Arthur Williams of Salem, Mass., who has been paying a brief visit to his aunt, Miss Luella Smith, has returned home.

Mrs. Abbie Rowell is ill with diphtheria and the house on Badger's Island in which she lives is quarantined.

A company is soon to be organized to work the granite quarry on Gerrish Island, recently purchased by O. L. Frisbee. The quarry has been examined by Laure Gooding of Kittery Point, a quarryman of long experience, who pronounces the stone of excellent quality and the supply evidently very large.

Whipple lodge, I. O. G. T., has decided to give an elaborate entertainment on November 19. A drama will be produced by local talent and there will be a sale of fancy and other articles.

SOUTH ELIOT.

South Eliot, Me., Oct. 27.
Joseph W. Dixon is in attendance on the Maine State Advent conference which is in session at Bath, Me.

Mrs. Rose Spinney is visiting relatives in Boston and vicinity.

Henry Knight passed Saturday and Sunday with his parents, returning to South Berwick today, where he attends school.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Schurman of Portsmouth were visiting relatives in town Sunday.

Miss Maud McKenney of Portsmouth was in town Sunday.

Mr. Hussey of Portsmouth was a recent visitor in town.

Charles H. Cole has returned home from Charlestown, Mass., where he has been employed at the navy yard.

The Volunteer Organist was much appreciated by the party who attended from this town and Phinney's band also had quite a number of patrons from here Saturday evening.

Many bicyclists were in evidence Sunday, enjoying a spin the bracing air.

Mrs. J. K. P. Rogers and daughter Lillian of Kingsville, Me., are visiting Mrs. E. F. Dame, Mrs. Rogers' mother.

Herbert S. Nelson of Portsmouth was calling on relatives in town Saturday evening.

Miss Bertha Rogers of Somerville, Mass., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Mary Tobey.

Mrs. Clifford Muchmore of Kittery was the guest of her mother Mrs. Henry Cole, recently.

Dr. H. I. Durgin is quite sick with typhoid fever. There are several other cases in town also.

The death of Fabius Spinney occurred Sunday morning, after a long and painful illness. Mr. Spinney was a well known and respected citizen and a man whose devotion to his family was untiring. For many years he followed the sea and was one of the most successful skippers of the fishing fleet in this section. He was a stranger to fear and had many narrow escapes from shipwreck in his long seafaring life. He leaves a widow, one son, Everett Spinney, two brothers, Robert and Nathan Spinney, and three sisters, Mrs. Emily Spinney, Mrs. Theodore Fernald of this town and Mrs. Wesley Paul of Saugus, Mass.

The funeral services of Miss Isabelle Brooks occurred Saturday afternoon, Rev. Elbridge Gerry, pastor of the Methodist church, officiating. There was a large attendance of relatives and friends.

Mrs. S. A. Pickering passed the day in Portsmouth.

Misses Mollie and Jessie Meloon of Portsmouth were in town Sunday.

The ladies circle will meet at the Advent church on Wednesday at nine a. m., and the members are all requested to be present.

The carpet ordered some time since has arrived and the ladies will make and lay it. A basket dinner will be a feature of the occasion. The circle was appointed for Wednesday on account of the excursion to Boston Thursday.

Eugene Holmes of Portsmouth was in town Sunday.

Miss Ethel Urch of New Castle has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Wilmet E. Spinney.

Flour barrels are in great demand nowadays, apples being now more plentiful than barrels.

Lovers of repertoire have their in- gings this week.

OPEN LETTER FROM WALTER J. BALLARD.

To my fellow wage earners—The question for us to ponder and decide before voting is which political party is the wage earners real friend, republican or democratic?

I have studied the subject closely and am satisfied that the republican party is best entitled to our support. Why? Because all the federal and state labor legislation of moment has been put through by republican United States senators, congressmen, state senators, and assemblymen opposition on the floors of the senates and houses and in the recorded democratic votes.

First let us compare votes regarding the labor legislation by the various states. The measures of importance are,

	In no. of	states	r.	d.
Labor Bureaus	31	21	10	
Factory inspection service	23	20	3	
Eight hour law	21	16	5	
Child labor in factories	24	18	6	
Child labor in mines	22	16	6	
Woman labor	30	23	7	
Seats for females in shops	26	18	8	
Sweat Shop legislation	12	10	2	
Truck system	21	13	8	
Convict made goods	14	11	3	

these figures represent 10 measures of labor relief granted by republicans 166 times, and by democrats 58, or in other words, nearly three times as much republican state labor legislation, as there is democratic. Does not this showing call upon us to vote for republican state senators and republican state assemblymen?

Now let us call the roll of federal republican measures of labor relief and labor protection. First and chief, the abolition of slavery, by which act black, was exalted.

The cause of labor, white as well as black, was accomplished by the republican party at the cost of thousands of millions of dollars and rivers of the blood of our best and bravest and in face of most violent opposition by the democrats and their allies.

The Cooley trade and Peonage abolished, putting an end to the iniquitous system under which a laborer's body and work could be held in pledge for debt.

Inspection of steam vessels, protecting the lives and limbs of the workers employed thereon, as well as the passengers.

The protection of seamen, who will dare say that "those who go down to the sea in ships" those who go not for their own pleasure but for our pleasure and our profit, should not receive the fullest protection possible at our hands.

Abrogation of the involuntary servitude of foreigners, putting an end to the use in free America of the infamous Padrone and similar systems of enslaved Europe.

Then the well known alien contract labor prohibition. What would be your position today, fellow wage earners, were it still possible for labor contractors to go to other parts of the world and bring to our shores, gang after gang of the inferior, cheaper, pauper labor of other countries? Would you then be able to put money in the savings bank, either on deposit or in the form of life insurance for the benefit of your wives and dear ones, or to feed, clothe and educate your family in the way Americans deserve? Who gave you this grand protection? The republican party and the republican party alone. The records of congress show that each and every vote cast against the measure was democratic. I say this deliberately.

Next the republican party gave you the law incorporating National Trades unions, then the act granting pay for holidays to government employees, followed by the statute prohibiting the United States convicts contract labor system, again to this measure every opposition vote was democratic.

Next on the list is the "Boards of Arbitration Act." Thirty votes were given against this and every one of them were democratic.

The next measure was passed by republicans for the benefit of that most useful body of public servants, the letter carriers, those faithful men who plod our streets in all weathers, carrying heavy loads, and bringing to us the letters for which we so longingly wait, the letters from our absent dear ones. This law very properly limits their hours of toil to eight hours. Were any votes cast against it? Yes, and every one of them democratic.

The last on the list of federal laws

for the benefit of labor is that one creating the present most useful and reliable department of labor, presided over by that tried friend of all labor—the Hon. Carroll D. Wright. Was there opposition to its passage? Yes, vigorous opposition by voice and vote, and every voice and every vote raised in opposition was democratic.

This then being the republican record of labor legislation, I appeal to you in the interest of that fearless friend of labor, President Roosevelt, in the interests of all labor, in the interest of your wives and families, in your own interests and mine, to vote for republican congressmen, and the entire republican ticket from start to finish.

WALTER J. BALLARD.
Schenectady, N. Y., October 27.

RANDOM GOSSIP.

Mabel Howard, seen at Music hall in The Heart of Maryland and Zaza, and Alida Cortelyou, cousin of the president's private secretary, have made emphatic hits in the support of William Gillette.

The Manchester Veteran Firemen's hand tub, Uncle Sam, has won \$1075 during its three playing seasons.

More than two million copies have been sold of the songs composed by Harry Von Tilzer. Most popular of all is "My Old New Hampshire Home," of which 360,000 copies have been sold.

Under the new schedule of prices for engineers that went into effect on the Boston and Maine last week, many of the engineers do not get nearly as much as they did under the old scale of wages. Heretofore they have been paid \$3.50 per day for six days' work and many of the runs gave the men two days each week at home.

Notwithstanding this lay off, they have always received the full week's pay of \$21.00. For some time past a movement has been on foot started, so it is said, by the Locomotive Brotherhood, to have the men paid by the mile, and now that they are so paid, many of the engineers are making a vigorous protest because they do not get as much pay as they did under the old plan. One engineer says that where his pay has for years been \$21 per week, he only received \$16.55 for the same work last week.

The Bennett-Moulton company, playing at Music hall this week, has an uncommonly strong vaudeville feature in the comedy bar act of Leroy and La Vanion, who do their turn at every performance. I have heard people say that this alone is quite worth paying ten, twenty or thirty cents to see.

Twenty years ago Frank A. Munsey was manager of the Augusta office of the Western Union Telegraph company, and worked as hard as any telegraph operator that ever worked. But he was dissatisfied with his lot in life. So he went to New York and, with limited means at his command, began the publication of the Golden Argosy, a weekly paper for boys and girls.

The paper prospered. Mr. Munsey made money. He branched out and added new publications to his list of periodicals. Today he has an immense printing plant in New York city and he owns the New York Daily News and the Washington Daily Times; and now he has purchased the Boston Journal establishment, which he will conduct on the same lines that have made the New York and Washington papers and his magazines such brilliant successes. Mr. Munsey's old friends never tire in commenting upon the marvelous strides he has made in the publishing world.

It may seem unusual, but one of the most acceptable numbers played by Creator, the great Italian band leader, has been the Chopin Funeral March. It is said that solemn as this march is, the great beauty of its melody, intensely so the way it is played by Creator's great Italian band, shows that the famous leader absorbs every possibility there is in the music, and it has been the most numerous requested number in his repertoire. Beauties never before heard are revealed in the Creator interpretation of it, and at Pittsburg, recently, when it was played many times by request, nearly the entire audience of 7,000 people were in tears.

Customer (emerging from bargain-counter crush) Help! My leg is broken!

Floorwalker—You will find the crutch department, sir, on the fourth floor in the rear.

COMPLETE TROLLEY NETWORK.

Southern New Hampshire Will Have
One Before Very Long.

"It is becoming more evident every day that the southern part of New Hampshire will soon be as completely networked with electric railroads as any part of Massachusetts," said one of the leaders in New England electric road development on Monday. "What this means to our people is apparent. The towns through which these roads will pass cannot fail to become more desirable places to live in, and the cities with which they become connected will reap the reward of increased trade and larger population.

"It will be remembered that at the last session of the legislature a charter was granted for the building of an electric road from Concord to Dover and Rochester, to be known as the Concord, Dover and Rochester Street railway. Under this charter the company is given permission to lay its tracks through some of the best known and most populous towns in the state, such as Madbury, Barrington, Northwood, Nottingham, Epsom, Chichester and Pembroke; and connecting, as it does, the capital of the state with the important cities of Dover, Rochester and Somersworth, it is certain to become one of the most important roads in the state and of great benefit to the important cities and towns in the eastern section of the state, which at present have no direct means of communication with Concord.

"The grantees of the charter are among the best known people of the state. Among them are Mayor Whittemore of Dover, Col. Daniel Hall of Dover, Horace L. Worcester of Rochester, ex-Mayor Martin of Concord and Wallace D. Lovell of Newton, Mass.

"Mr. Lovell has become well known in New Hampshire by his splendid work in electric railroad development in the southeastern section of the state, and is personally interested in the construction of the Concord and Dover road. He has already interested a number of local people in this road, and considerable local capital will be interested in the enterprise, which is sure to prove a paying one. He has also organized a syndicate for the purpose of providing funds for this and other similar work which he is to undertake in this state, so that the financial end of the enterprise is already taken care of. The money has been provided and is only awaiting the time for the beginning of the work.

"It will be of interest to the people of this section of the state, and especially to the inhabitants of the towns above named, to learn what is being done towards the construction of this road. Already applications have been made for layouts and dates fixed for hearings. A large corps of engineers is at work upon the route, and as soon as it is definitely decided upon the contracts will be awarded. Many of the details have already been arranged, and it is confidently expected that ground will be broken and actual work begun this fall.

"That electric cars will soon be running from Dover to Concord is now practically assured, and with the advent of the electric car will come a new era of prosperity and happiness to our people. The old towns along the route will take on new life as they come in closer contact with the busy life of the city. The cities themselves will throw with new energy as the channels of their trade increase and multiply, and the whole state will in turn reap the reward of larger trade and increased population."—Manchester Union.

Cures croup, sore throat, pulmonary troubles.—Monarch over pain of every sort. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

A TROLLEY RIDE
Over the new line FROM

**PORTSMOUTH TO
EXETER**

Would not be complete without

MEALS AT

SQUAMSCOTT

HOUSE

EXETER, N. H.

EXETER, N. H.

EXETER, N. H.

EXETER, N. H.

EXETER, N. H.

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EXETER, N. H.

ISTHMIAN CANAL.

Attorney Cromwell Thinks It Will Cross Panama.

Treaty With Colombia Likely To Come Before Next Congress

Proof Of French Company's Title Seeks To Remove All Difficulties.

New York, Oct. 27.—In discussing the report of Attorney General Knox on the validity of the title to the Panama canal, William I. Cromwell, of this city, counsel for the canal company, called attention to the fact that the question of title does not again come before congress. That subject was, by the Spooner law, left absolutely to the discretion of the president.

"Only one matter remains to be settled," he added. "That is the conclusion of a treaty with Colombia. It will be recalled that the Hay-Concha treaty of May 18, last, was approved by the ministers."

"The form of the Spooner law, however, made certain amendments to the proposed treaty necessary in the interests of both governments and those few points are the object of the pending discussion."

"I am advised by cable from Bogota that the instructions dispatched five weeks ago will enable an agreement to be speedily reached between the two governments and in time for the coming session of the congress of the United States to pass upon the treaty."

"NO MORE FOOTBALL."

Stanton, Illinois, Team Burns Goal Posts And Uniforms.

Stanton, Ill., Oct. 27.—Edward Schmidt, member of a local football team, is dead from injuries received in a game with a St. Louis club. The first half was almost completed, neither eleven having scored, when Schmidt after a tackle, complained of a pain in his head. He was taken to a doctor and died just as he arrived at the office.

The Stanton team, led by their captain, then marched to the ends of the field, pulled up the goal posts and burned them. Changing their clothes, they added their sweaters and football suits to the fire and announced that there will be no more football in Stanton.

NEW WORLD'S RECORD.

Prince Alert Wins A Special Match Race In Remarkable Time.

Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 27.—A special match race for \$12,000 a side between the paces Prince Alert and Sir Albert S., one heat, one-half mile, result suited to an easy victory for the former in the remarkable time of .54.

This establishes a new world's record for this distance in a race, beating the former time by two and one-half seconds. The former record, which was held by Audubon Boy, was 1.004.

MAJORITY FAVORS POWER.

Admiral Melville, However, Submits Minority Report Advocating Speed.

Washington, Oct. 27.—Differences in the naval board of construction over the question as to whether speed or power is to predominate in the big armored cruisers took official form today. Admirals O'Neil, Bradford and Bowles and Capt. Sigbee submitting a majority report favorable to power. Engineer in-Chief Melville sent in a minority report contemplating less power and more speed.

FATAL FALL.

F. A. Elwell, Well Known Writer, Killed In A Motor Cycle Accident.

New York, Oct. 27.—Frank A. Elwell of Brooklyn, an international authority on motor cycling, and a frequent contributor to magazines devoted to this sport, has been killed near Hicksville, L. I., while participating in a club run.

The head stem of his machine broke as he was speeding along at a fast clip and he was hurled to the ground with such force that his neck was broken.

Elwell traveled Europe, Asia and northern Africa on the machine that caused his death. There were seven-

ty-two cyclists in the party. Elwell was the last man in the string. As the party neared Hicksville he put on full power in order to catch up with the others and while crossing the railroad tracks his machine suddenly fell apart. When a physician reached him he was dead.

Mr. Elwell was a native of Portland, Me., a son of the late editor of the Portland Transcript.

TO SUCCEED MILES.

General Young Likely To Be The Army's Next Commander.

Washington, Oct. 27.—"I do not think that I am betraying any confidence when I say that Major General Young will be the next lieutenant general of the army," said Major General Corbin today.

Then he added: "And his promotion will be enjoyed by no one more than by myself."

Lieutenant General Miles will retire for age next August and the declaration by General Corbin was inspired by some comment to the effect that the appearance of his (Corbin's) name in the monthly army list next after that of General Miles pointed out the probable succession. As a fact it is stated that the order of the names in the list was fixed by the seniority of the commission of the officers. General Young will have about a year to serve in that grade if he is made lieutenant general.

BONES OF PREHISTORIC BEARS.

Important Scientific Discoveries Made In A California Cave.

San Francisco, Oct. 27.—News has reached Prof. J. C. Merriam, head of the Palaeontological department of the University of California, Berkeley, that a new cavern has been discovered near Baird Geologist Sinclair, who has continued the work in the cavern made famous by the discovery of the rare cave bear, has now discovered a branch cave, the floor of which is littered with the bones of the giant cave bear. The bones found in the main cavern were buried deep in soil, and it was questioned whether or not the original animals had lived in the cave or their bones had been washed in by subterranean waters. The find of Sinclair proves that an ancient den of the monsters has been uncovered.

GOING TO MANILA.

Transport Logan Will Sail For The Philippines Next Saturday.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 27.—The transport Logan, Captain Stinson, carrying about 100 recruits, casuals and 200 passengers will sail next Saturday for Manila. One the same day the transport Sheridan is due from the Philippines and Nagasaki, bringing six troops of the Ninth cavalry, consisting of 550 men, 185 casuals, 131 sick, eight prisoners and five insane. The summer, bearing General Craftee and Vice Governor Wright of the Philippines, left Nagasaki four days ahead of the Sheridan, but on account of coaling at Honolulu is not expected to arrive until next week.

DELONG PLACED IN COMMISSION.

The Detroit Goes Into Dry Dock At Boston For Cleaning And Painting.

Boston, Oct. 27.—The torpedo boat Delong was placed in commission at the navy yard today. Lieut. A. H. Davis taking command. The Delong will sail for Norfolk to join the fleet.

The Detroit was dry-docked here today to be cleaned and painted, and the Machias got under way for Norfolk, but anchored in the roads.

SAID HE WAS DRUNK.

But Cook, The Wife Murderer, Will Hang, Nevertheless.

Halifax, N. S., Oct. 27.—George W. Cook was today sentenced to be hanged on January 13.

In July Cook cut his wife's throat and then lay down and awaited the coming of the police. When put upon trial he said he was drunk on the afternoon of his wife's death and did not know what occurred.

RAISED \$8000.

Big Meeting In Aid Of Irish Land League Held In Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Oct. 27.—A large meeting in aid of the Irish land league was held here tonight. Hon. John R. Bland, John Dillon, Hon. Edward Blake and Michael Davitt spoke, in addition to Gov. Stone. About \$8000 was raised.

COON HUNTING.

Peculiarly a November sport, though often it has its beginning in October, is the pursuit of Brer Coon. You who have never followed a coon in the dead watches of the night take you straightway into the circle of your companionship the owner of a coon dog. A coon dog is born, not made. Usually he is a mongrel, with a bit of the bull and a bit of the hound in him. Rabbit and fox he will have none of, but the scent of a raccoon loosens his tongue to the full cry. It is a weird sensation, the first coon hunt. With a shot gun in the party, a revolver or two, and every man supplied with a lantern and plenty of matches, you enter the black fastness of the forest. The dog is loosed and swallowed up in darkness the instant he crosses the narrow circle of your lantern light. Silent you sit on an old log, for a woodland at night is not conducive to a freeing of the tongue. The stillness, unbroken save for the occasional rustling of leaves or impatient snuff betraying the whereabouts of the dog, enters your very soul. There is a peculiar sense of loneliness, a consciousness of being but an atom in a universe of blackness. It walls you in on all sides, impenetrable. Only above is it broken, and there immeasurable distance reaches up to the cold twinkling points of light in a frosty November sky. Suddenly out of the darkness rises a weird sound, uncannily suggestive of a little lost child crying in the wilderness. Then the dog, unravelling a trail, suddenly gives tongue, and the music of the hunt rolls through the woodland aisles.

Now he circles toward you, and now he starts straight away at a pace which demands that you follow.

Straight into the blackness beyond you plunge. The yellow gleams of the lantern hardly show the way ten feet ahead. Down through the swamp and the laurel tangles leads the chase; at times, so thick becomes the laurel that hands and knees seem the only method of progress. A ruffed grouse, a teesymeddy (skivvies) aroused from his slumber, springs up, with a rush of wings in your very face. Startling enough by daylight are these swift-winged flyers, but when, without warning, out of the blackness, brushing your very face, they speed into the night, it gives the stoutest heart a mighty jump. Fainter and fainter sounds the music of the dog. It is a mad race now, over moldering tree trunks, through swampy patches, up over ridges, through the old chestnut grove and down into the hollow beyond. It is each one for himself, for each would fain be first when the game is treed. Listen! From over yonder hill comes a new note. There is less music in it, but there is a steady purpose which tells its own story. The game is treed. What will it be—a veteran old chestnut rotted at the top which will necessitate the smoking out of Mr. Coon, a big pine without a limb for fifty feet, which will necessitate a good nerve and a proper use of the climbing-irons, or will it be an easy tree, from which Mr. Coon can be shaken without difficulty?

It was exciting before, it is doubly so now. You forget the lack of breath the scratches from the brambles, the tumbles over hidden roots. Listen! Steadily, unceasingly, the dog barks. No danger of Mr. Coon slipping out now. He is treed, and old Bob proposes to see that he stays treed. There he is at the foot of yonder chestnut, looking up into the towering branches and impatiently scratching at the base of the tree. A flash from the lantern on the rough bark shows the claw marks which proclaim that old Bob has made no mistake. Now for the climbing-irons and a long string to lower for the lantern. That tree would be a "phaser" by daylight; in the dark there is no thought of its height or size. Up you go, looking along each branch as you come to it. Somewhere, unless, perchance, the wily animal has leaped to a neighboring tree, he is hiding close against the rough bark. There, clear at the top, you see him in the flash of the lantern. Now for the revolver and a good eye. Old Bob, at the foot of the tree, knows as well as you what that sharp ringing shot in the tree-tops means, and alert and ready, he pounces on the heavy body that falls at his feet.

So the night wanes. Now a coon is lost on the ridges. Again, one is startled at his fishing or jumped in a bordering apple orchard. It is rough work, vigorous work, at times exciting work, and always the game is worth the candle. It means long tramping, it means barked shins and shoes, but it is an experience not soon forgotten, and last, but by no means the least, there is a supper at which a king might dine.—Country Life in America.

No one would ever be bothered with constipation if everyone knew how naturally and quickly Burdock Blood Purifiers regulates the stomach and bowels.

AN ELOQUENT TRAMP.

Look at a bunch of them just brought from the city lodging-house. The rules of that institution permit its patrons to enjoy its hospitality unmolested for three nights within a reasonable period of time. The guest who comes back the fourth time is not refused accommodation, but next morning he is made a prisoner and taken to court as a vagrant. Glance along the ragged line. Every one is leaning indolently against the railing, as if too tired to stand on his feet. A listless, shiftless lot they are, with vacant, inexpressive features that correspond well with the negative character of their offense. Impotence is written all over them; in their unsteady, roving eyes; in the warped contours of their heads; in their languid, graceless poses.

Listen to their szech—stumbling, spluttering or glib, but always meaningless and empty of fact or real meaning. If not checked, they will waste half-hours promising to tell the whole truth and nothing else, and may they be stricken dead on the spot if they don't. Now and then you catch a reflection, or an echo, as it were, of a former state of existence, when they too, had dreams and ambitions. I recall a grotesque figure, clad in the ruin of a frockcoat, with a faded rose coquettishly stuck in his buttonhole. Straightening himself up with a touch of all but forgotten gracefulness, he addressed the magistrate thus:

"Your most illustrious and distinguished Honor, to my inexpressible disgrace I have to admit an infringement on the wise rules established to insure the peace, order and prosperity of the city of Manhattan; but believe me, your most learned Honor, that said offense was a venial one, inasmuch as I was enticed into it by the weakness of my flesh and by no volition or intent of my higher self. I comprehend the extent and gravity of my trespass and confess my culpability—culpa mea, as the old Romans said—but I solicit your gracious forbearance on the ground that this is my first transgression of the kind."

"Nothin' but a chronic bum," was the policeman's unfeeling response to the magistrate's questioning glance, and the orator had to share the ignominious fate of his less eloquent brethren. That fate, when shaped by the magistrate, generally takes the form of a commitment to the workhouse for periods varying from thirty days to six months.—From "The New York Police Court" in the November Century.

A MEAN MAN AND A BROKEN VASE.

He felt obliged to make some kind of present to the young woman, but being very avaricious he did not want to spend any money, and he was puzzled what to do, when suddenly as he was walking through a street in London he saw a handsome vase fall in the window. At once he entered the store and asked:

"How much do you want for that broken vase?"

"What, for those pieces on the floor?" cried the storekeeper in surprise. "Why you can have them for a shilling. They're no use, for they can't be put together again."

"I don't care," answered the avaricious man. "I'll give you a shilling for them and sixpence extra if you'll make a package of them and send them to this lady's address."

The storekeeper promised to do so, and the avaricious man went home rejoiced at the thought that he had made such a good bargain, for he said to himself: "When she receives the vase she'll naturally conclude that it was broken during the journey."

He was mistaken, however, for the storekeeper wrapped each broken piece of the vase in a separate piece of paper. The donor heard of his blunder through the young lady's maid, for the young lady herself has not spoken to him since the shattered vase reached her.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE TARIFF AND HIGH PRICES.

The democratic congressional committee, in its campaign for free trade, has revived the complaint that American manufactured products, protected in the home market by the tariff, are sold cheaper abroad than at home. At the same time, it has raised the cry that prices of staple products of increased consumption have been increased in this country by reason of the tariff. Under its instructions every democratic party organ in the country has taken up these assertions and emphasized them to the extent of their power.

Answering the last complaint first, it may be admitted that prices, as well as wages, have advanced since the beginning of the McKinley administration and the passage of the Dingley tariff law. That law would have been a failure if it had not increased the wages of the workmen

and the prices of the farmers' products, which represent the wages of that class.

The Dingley tariff law revived industry, gave men work and wages, and also the opportunity for better living.

In 1895 we retained only 3.44 bushels of wheat per capita for home consumption, and in 1899 we retained 6.09 bushels per capita. The American people consumed nearly double the amount of wheat flour and white bread in 1899 than they did in 1895.

The same was true of beef. Notwithstanding the high prices of beef today, the American people consume double the amount of beef that they did in 1895, when democratic low tariffs closed the mills, sent thousands of men into idleness, and reduced their purchasing power to the minimum.

The advance in prices is, in one way due to the tariff. In that the tariff gave protection to American industry, enabled the people to buy, and so increased the volume of home consumption as to increase prices by the natural law of supply and demand.

But these increased prices are not alone on articles produced in this country and protected by the tariff. The increased prices have been general, and more in harmony with the increased demand, due to increased purchasing power by reason of increased wages.

THE MINERS' RELIEF SYSTEM.

Condensed Description of Distributing the Strike Fund.

Two alternative principles were put forth at the inception of the relief distribution. According to the first principle, each striker was to be treated with absolute equality, a "flat" or uniform payment being made to each union striker, while the second principle provided that each should receive according to his needs. It was felt that the first principle was ideally the more perfect, but would have required vastly more funds than were at the disposal of the union. The money received was therefore distributed according to the needs of the applicants. The funds received by the national organization were divided among the three districts of the anthracite regions in proportion to the number of mine workers in each, but each of those districts redistributed its quota according to the requirements of the various locals composing it. Even here a rough approximation seems to have been made to the number of mine workers in the various locals, although some of the locals demanded less than their share, while others, it is claimed, have hitherto refused all aid whatsoever. In the distribution of relief no discrimination has been made against nonunion miners, who receive the same amount of aid as the union miners.

The system of accounting appears to be both simple and effective. The district officers have printed order books in the shape of checkbooks, with detachable orders and stubs. These orders, which the miner receives, are not convertible into cash, but are accepted by the local grocer in payment for flour, potatoes, meat, canned goods, etc. The amount granted appears to be in approximate proportion to the food requirements of the striking population, a certain amount being allowed each single man, an additional sum for a wife and a still further increment for each child or other dependent, varying, however, with the age and requirements of such children or dependents. In the majority of cases rent does not seem to be paid, neither the companies nor private owners appearing desirous of evicting tenants. No payment seems to be made for fuel, since the mine workers and their families pick coal from the dump or culm heap and even sell the excess to the local consumers.

Relief among the mine workers has thus assumed its simplest proportions, with the result that the powers of resistance of the striker have been vastly increased. In the northern district, at least, there seems to be no great amount of visible suffering, such as would find expression in street begging and the pawnshop or selling of household goods. The problem of relief is, of course, simplified by the fact that it is a normally working body of men and not a hopeless, dependent population that is being supported, and by the further fact that a feeling of solidarity and class adherence exists which tends to render frauds infrequent and unsuccessful.—Walter E. Weyl in New York Charities.

In the Harvest Weather.

Happy as can be, I made the crop for Jenny, An' she'll keep the home for me!

Each thorn has been a blossom, And all the world was May, With Jenny's eyes to light me Along the toiler's way.

The birds sang o'er the furrows That led to joy complete: The winds that waved the cornblades Brought Jenny's kisses sweet.

I heard the harvest callin' So sweetly, o'er an' o'er, An' though the season hurried, My heart went on before!

An' now the harvest weather, As happy as can be, I made the crop for Jenny, An' she'll keep the home for me! —Atlanta Constitution.

ECZEMA, NO CURE, NO PAY.

Your druggist will refund your money if Paxo Ointment fails to cure Ringworm, Tetter, Old Ulcers and Sores, Pimples and Blackheads on the face, and all skin diseases 50 cents.

A TOBACCO YARN.

Strangely Wound, Oddly Marvelous That It Happened To.

"Speaking about curious incidents," remarked one of the hot air fraternity, "reminds me of one that happened to me down south. Yes; very curious, but nevertheless a fact."

He paused long enough to put a dent in another fellow's paper of "state," then continued:

"You see, it was this way. I had been bumming the country and taking life easy and also anything that was portable and not chained when I landed in a certain southern city, it does not matter where, and thought I'd go to work for a change. Don't look at me that way, gentlemen. Necessity didn't compel me to do so. I only did it as a novelty. I know I was disgracing the profession, but my desire to see how plug tobacco was manufactured led me to ask for a situation so that I could satisfy my curiosity."

"And did you actually go to work?" asked a listener.

"Yes and no. I had been assigned to a cutting machine, and ten minutes of it was enough for me."

"What was the matter? Did you regret what you had done?"

"I certainly did. See that stump on my left hand?"

"Yes; we see it. But—"

"Well, that stump was caused by the cutter I was operating. It sliced off my finger, and I resigned right then and there."

"But what has that to do with the curious incident you spoke of?"

"I'm coming to it. Were you ever in Paris, Tex.?"

"Yes; know the place well."

"And you remember that small grocery near the depot?"

"Certainly, but go on with your story."

"Well, I went in there, and after giving the proprietor a hard luck story he handed me something to eat and a plug of tobacco. I wandered down the road, and after shaking hands with the first good meal I'd had in a week I took out that plug to take a chew, but after I'd sunk my teeth into it I struck something hard and couldn't bite it. What do you think it was?"

"A piece of wood or something of that kind."

"No, sir; you are away off."

"Well, what was it?"

"You may not believe me, gentlemen, but when I had cut the plug in half I found that it was the piece of finger that I'd lost two years before in the south!" Ouch!—Star of Hope, Sing Sing.

Heroic Pat.



Shipwrecked Mariner (who has just sighted land)—Hello, Pat! What are you going to do?

Pat—Shure, bedad, O'im going to swim ashore an' save myself an' thin swim back an' save you!

Elliptical Humor.

"Oh, I beg your pardon?"

"What for?"

"Talking the chair you were about to occupy."

"But I wasn't going to take that chair."

"No; you did exactly right in begging my pardon if you thought you had offended."

"Then I beg your pardon for begging your pardon for begging your pardon." —Chicago Tribune.

Sweet Amenities.

Tess—I met that pompous Mrs. Jorkins on the street today, and I was so mortified. You see, her name was right on the tip of my tongue—

Jess—But you couldn't think of it, eh?

Tess—Not at all. The trouble was that I blurted right out, "How do you do, Mrs. Jorkins?" when I might have said "Snorkins," "Porkins" or something else to make her mad.—Philadelphia Press.

Comparison.

"I suppose you like your automobile better than you did your horse?"

"I don't know," answered the man who is never truly happy. "The difference, so far as I have observed, is that a horse gets to going and you can't stop it, while an automobile stops and you can't get it to going."—Washington Star.

But She Didn't Bounce.

"Freddie, why did you drop the baby on the floor?"

"Ah, I just wanted to test the kid. Heard everybody say that it was a bouncing baby."—New York Times.

Another View of It.

The subjects of the series of sketches were plainly disgruntled.

"Can't you see," they said to the author, "that you don't write the dialect that we talk?"

"You have only yourselves to blame," he returned scornfully. "Why don't you learn to talk the dialect that I write?"—Chicago Post.

MUSIC HALL.

F. W. HARTFORD, MANAGER.

Week of Oct. 27.

25th YEAR.

Bennett-Monton COMPANY.

REPERTOIRE.

EVENINGS.

Tuesday.....Outcast (f. Scoring)
Wednesday.....The Devil's Web
Thursday.....Shipwrecked
Friday.....The Pay Train
Saturday.....The Wheel of Fortune

MATINEES.

Wednesday...By the King's Command
Saturday.....Fogg's Ferry

LEROY & LOVATON'S NOVELTY COMEDY BAY ACT.

PRICES.

Evenings.....10c, 20c and 30c
Matinees.....10c and 30c

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U. S. Navy Yard Ferry.

TIME TABLE

April 1 Until September 30.

Leaves Navy Yard.—7:55; 8.30, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.30, 11.45 a. m.; 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.05, 5.00, 5.50, 7.45 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth.—8.10, 8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.15, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 p. m. Sundays 10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.00 m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays.

GEORGE F. F. WILDE.

Captain, U. S. N., Captain of the Yard.

Approved: J. J. READ.

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GOING DOWN?

By ALLISON JAMES

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"Going down?"
The nasal tones of the elevator boy echoed down the corridor of the Nassau apartments.

Walter Fleming rose abruptly and slammed the door.

"Going down?"

Of course, everything was going down from the stocks he had bought last week to the hope of his heart. The stocks might rise if he held them long enough. The hope of his heart was apparently dashed beyond remedy. Marion Willis had effected the latter catastrophe in a few words, cutting to the point of bitterness. They had been engaged three blissfully short months, and now—

There were moving vans at the front door. The information offered by his sister that the Willis family were going to the country a month earlier than usual filled him with dreary dismay.

The Willis were going back to Hay Ridge, of course. That was where he



HE PULLED HER GENTLY INTO THE LEATHER SEAT.

and Marion had played tennis and golf together for two seasons. He had been tempted to propose to her on the bay itself one moonlight night, but Marion was nervous and would not permit his attention to stray from handling the tiny sailboat. And then he had put off the proposal week after week. He felt somehow that such a moment came but once into a man's life, and he dreaded to think of the day when the tender anticipations would be a thing of the past. Now he almost wished he had let it end in happy dreams; for the reality was stern beyond description.

The cause of his trouble seemed serious enough to Marion, but from Walter's masculine viewpoint it was ridiculously trivial.

The cousin of his roommate at college was playing roulette in light opera. Simultaneously with the arrival of her company in Detroit came a note from her cousin in New York begging Fleming to be "kind to the red" while she was in town.

Fleming read the letter through several times and wondered what in the world dear old Tom meant by being kind. He couldn't invite the girl to stop up at the house because it was too far from the theater, and he had vague ideas that theatrical folk preferred to flock together. His mother and sisters should go to call, of course. Anyway, he'd take Marion the first night. Even a busy sourette ought to appreciate the opportunity of meeting such a rarely charming girl as Marion. So he sent "the kid" roses exactly like those Marion was to wear, and did not notice the expression in his fiancée's eyes when the flowers were passed over the footlights. There was a little supper after the performance, entertained by Mrs. Fleming, at which the little actress wore a very plain black gown with a very long train and carried Walter's roses.

The next day was set aside for a drive through the parks, followed by luncheon at a fashionable cafe. "The kid," who had never seen the beautiful city of Detroit before, waxed enthusiastic, but Marion remarked that she had an engagement and would have to be excused. Mrs. Fleming, who was a busy woman, told her son next morning at breakfast that an actress did not require a chaperon.

So the little sourette, who was really a hardworking, ambitious artist and was likewise engaged to a young stockbroker in New York, "did" Detroit in Walter's company for five brilliant winter days. They talked of their respective fiancées and each decided that neither mortals did not breathe. And when Walter had done his duty like a man, even to seeing the little actress off on the midnight train for Minneapolis, he sighed relievedly and never dreamed of the awful fate which his next interview with Marion held for him.

There was only one door between him and the girl who was leaving him today with bitterness in her heart, yet there seemed no way of passing the barrier.

"Going down?" yelled the elevator boy.

Walter, hat in hand, made a dash for the corridor. As the elevator door slammed shut he found himself face to face with Marion. She was pale, plainly tired from the exertion incident to saying, but she looked over his head

as if her supply of self control was unlimited.

"Going down?"
"Oh, Charlie!"
The elevator stopped with a jerk. The voice came from Mrs. Madden's room. She was a semi-invalid and a privileged character in the Nassau. Charlie flung open the door and crossed the hall. Mrs. Madden held out a letter.

"And I wish you'd stop at Mrs. Turner's door and ask her to come up this morning."

"Yes," murmured Charlie, but as he whirled round his heart throbbed wildly. The door of the elevator shaft stood open, but the elevator had disappeared. He stared at the quivering cables. It was going down fast.

In the meantime affairs in the elevator had taken a sudden turn. Marion's face had gone a shade whiter as the elevator without any warning began to drop swiftly. It was six floors at least to the basement. She raised frightened eyes to Fleming's face.

"Can't you?"
"I might simply make it worse if I touched it. It won't strike hard. Sit down."

He pushed her gently into the leather seat, then suddenly swung round and threw himself on the lever. There was no response to his effort. They shot by startled faces on the second landing. Charlie's shrill screams echoed down the shaft. Fleming faced the girl. A world of passionate pleading shone in her eyes.

"Walter, Walter, if we've got to die I'm glad it's together."
His arms were about her, and her face was hidden on his shoulder when the crash came. For a few seconds Fleming felt as if he had just rushed the center of a football team. Then he opened his eyes and looked into Marion's unconscious face.

"She loves me! She loves me!" he whispered and kissed her colorless lips. When the janitor and a score of frightened servants reached the scene, Fleming had himself well in hand.

"Miss Willis has fainted. Let me take her out to the air, please."

That afternoon he dropped into the office of the Nassau's superintendent, who commenced profuse apologies, Fleming cut him short.

"I want to speak to you about the elevator boy—Charlie."

"Yes, yes—of course," responded the superintendent. "We'll dismiss him at once—will have a new boy on this evening."

"That's just what I don't want done," interrupted Fleming. "The boy was not to blame."

"But it's against the rules for him to leave his car," murmured the astonished superintendent. "This is a matter of discipline."

"Confound your discipline," said Fleming good naturedly. "Have the elevator overhauled. It needs it, but don't you monkey with Charlie's job; that is, if you value the Fleming family as tenants. I am quite serious, and I trust you'll see it this way."

"When Walker left his office, the superintendent picked up from his desk something that glittered and jingled merrily in his pocket against grocer's coins. His eyes were opened, as Fleming had hoped, but he never saw the real reason till the cards came out for the Fleming-Willis wedding. Then he could only guess.

Napoleonism.
In a translation of two folk tales about Napoleon, one from the French and the other the Russian, George Kennan says that Napoleonism is the Russian peasant's name for the emperor. It is not quite clear why he has adopted it. Possibly the final syllable der has been added because to the ear of the peasant Napoleon seems incomplete, as "Alexan" would sound to us without the "der."

The point of view of the two nationalities differs amazingly. The French peasant regards Napoleon as a great leader and conqueror, aided, if not directly sent, by God to show forth the power and glory of France.

The Russian peasant, more thoughtful by nature as well as less excitable and combative, admits that the conqueror was sent to earth by God to illustrate the divine nature of sympathy and pity through the cruelty of war. Both are convinced of his supernatural origin. The Frenchman believes that he was led by a guiding star. The Russian argues that he was created by the devil, and that God, having given him a soul, to punish the Russian people for their sins, then made him a man by inspiring him with compassion.

Is This the American Wife?
But the American wife? Henry James has summed up the American wife in just one sentence. He says: "The American wife knows nothing of her husband's affairs, except that they are of not the slightest consequence."

This is both epigrammatic and exactly true. The American wife has quite a genuine affection for her husband. Even after years of marriage have gone by she thinks of him with unaffected friendliness. He is so useful! He credits him with almost all the virtues, except perhaps the virtue of being interesting, and she overlooks that one defect of his with charitable toleration. She sees him come and go each day with clocklike regularity. She vaguely knows what his profession or vocation is. She thinks better of him if it is a profession or vocation that is generally regarded as quite creditable. But this is practically all she knows or cares about it.—Alma's.

Just a Hint.

Maud—How far you live from here, Mr. Hangaround?
Mr. Hangaround—Oh, nearly two miles.

Maud (innocently)—If you should start now, what time would you get home?—New York News.

MISPLACED HOSPITALITY

By WALTER A. TICE

Copyright, 1901, by W. A. Tice

"Bessie Whitney of all girls! She's absolutely devoid of sentiment, so cool and calculating, just as one might expect the daughter of a political boss to be. At school she never chummed much with the girls. She kept an account book, too, and put down every treat—sodas, fudges and everything, as if she was working her way through college instead of being the daughter of a man who's made a fortune in politics!"

Frank Jameson had tried to laugh down his pretty sister's vehement protests. He had even declared it was all due to her sisterly jealousy, but now as he rushed toward New York, the home of his fiancée, the words rang in his ear and stood out boldly on the paper he was trying to read.

He lived over again that last evening in New York, when he had asked Bessie Whitney to be his wife. He recalled with a sudden pang how quietly his proposal had been received. Then he had thought it was because Bessie was deeply impressed by the seriousness of the moment. Now he wondered if it were true that she did not feel the deep passion that thrilled his whole being when she had whispered that almost inaudible "yes" that she was indifferent.

He tossed aside his paper impatiently and glanced carelessly at his traveling companion. A middle aged man, clearly a stranger to his section of the country, he leaned forward eagerly to study the scenery. Jameson regarded the intense expression with some amusement. Here was something to divert his unhappy trend of thoughts.

"Perhaps you'd like to sit next to the window," he suggested. "Pretty country along here, especially if you're interested in farming."

The stranger looked at Frank in surprise. The unexpected courtesy somehow suddenly carried him west of the Allegheny mountains.

"Thanks; don't mind if I do," he answered heartily. "I'm interested in farming all right. Got as fine a quarter section near Sterling, Minn., as ever you saw."

"Sterling? Why, I know a fellow out there, Jimmy Eckstrom—was in my class at college."

"Eckstrom? Oh, yes; there is an Eckstrom lives about two miles south of Sterling. Their boy goes to school with you?"

With this entering wedge, their acquaintance broadened rapidly. Before Jersey City was reached Jameson had heard all about the pioneer struggles of John Wilson of Sterling and Mr. Wilson had been given some valuable pointers as to what sight-



JAMESON WHIRLED ROUND TO FACE BESSIE WHITNEY.

seeing deserved his attention on this his first visit to the metropolis. As they boarded the ferryboat Wilson remarked that he guessed he'd stop at Brown & Jones'. Jameson smiled. Yes, he knew where Brown & Jones' was, and he'd be only too glad to see that Wilson reached there safely.

Wilson, cheap satchel in hand, was making straight for the cabin marked "Men."

"Better take the other side," suggested Jameson, pointing to the ladies' cabin. "You'll get a better view of the harbor."

They had not walked half the length of the cabin before Jameson realized that they were attracting attention. They were an oddly assorted couple, the stoop shouldered westerner in his "store clothes" and rusty slouch hat and the dapper New Yorker clad in raiment of London cut. Jameson looked neither to the right nor left, but felt conscious that amused feminine glances were following their progress.

What followed never would have happened, so Jameson declares, if, on that particular day, George Raymond had not worn a red tie. But George and the tie appeared on the scene just as Jameson was posting Wilson on the location of the statue of Liberty. He clapped Jameson on the shoulder and exclaimed:

"Where in the world have you been the last four or five days? I've been down to the office half a dozen times." Jameson acknowledged the greeting, then turned to introduce the westerner whom George was regarding curiously.

"Mr. Wilson knows the Eckstroms at

Sterling, George. You remember Jimmy Eckstrom?"

"Sure," answered George, feeling absently in his pocket as if he had suddenly remembered something. "Say, Frank, loan me a quarter, will you? I haven't a cent of change, and I want to run up on the 'L'. Or, better still, change this twenty for me."

"Can't do it, old man. You know sisters don't do a thing to their older brothers who go home for a visit. Perhaps Mr. Wilson here might oblige."

But Mr. Wilson suddenly stopped, clutched his bag and edged rapidly away from the two young men. When he had placed a good six feet between them and himself, he exclaimed loudly:

"No, you don't! I've heard of you bunks steers before. I ain't as green as I look. You don't short change me. I read the papers, I do. Know Jimmy Eckstrom, do you? Ugh!"

With flushed cheeks and blazing eyes Jameson tried to explain matters. George roared with laughter. His mirth added fuel to the flames of Wilson's wrath, and he again raised his voice in vigorous protest.

Deckhands, accompanied by a plain clothes man, suddenly appeared.

"What's this?" demanded the detective.

"Trying to short change, bunko me," yelled Wilson. "There, see that fellow holding that twenty dollar bill. The other one was in the scheme too."

The plain clothes man spoke quietly, but firmly.

"You two'll have to go with me."

Jameson gasped.

"Go where?"

"To police headquarters."

The boat was touching the dock. The color fled from Jameson's face. Of course it was only an unpleasant misunderstanding. He pulled out his card. The detective took it and smiled. Cards, even engraved ones, are cheap. And there was the twenty dollar bill in George's hand. Could better proof be wanting?

Jameson was rapidly losing his temper.

"Well, I don't go a step. The old man was mistaken. We can easily identify ourselves without going near police headquarters."

An ugly look came into the detective's eyes. He started to speak, when from the curious throng around them came the swish of feminine draperies, and a small gloved hand was laid on the detective's arm.

"May I speak to you, please?"

Jameson whirled round to face Bessie Whitney!

The detective frowned. Ah, a confederate! The young lady handed him a card, and the frown faded. He bowed obsequiously and turned aside, not without keeping one eye on his prospective prisoners, however. Jameson hesitated between jumping overboard and knocking the detective down. George was swearing softly at the westerner, and the crowd, craning to see the finish of the little drama, was pushing its way to the pier.

When the detective turned, his face was wreathed in smiles.

"I guess this is a mistake. The young man Morris Whitney's daughter's engaged to ain't turning confidence tricks."

He took the arm of the bewildered westerner and walked toward the dock. George started to tell Jameson what he thought of the whole performance, but Jameson was hurrying back through the ladies' cabin. He had seen a slender figure in dark blue with her face turned steadfastly toward the Jersey shore.

They were the last to leave the boat, and that night Jameson wrote to his sister:

"It's not always the sentimental girl who's the bravest. There are two kinds of sentiment, little sister, and some day I hope you'll understand the sort that Bessie has and shows."

Mildred's Apology.
Mildred is just at the age of fire worship, says the New York Post. She simply adores matches, especially the fat headed, crackly ones. Mildred worships in secret, as other devotees have worshipped before—and mamma is not the high priestess. She is the destroying angel who swoops down, extinguishes the altar fires and administers a sound slap. Mildred had a visitor the other day, a proselyte, and as soon as mamma went downstairs Miss Six Years Old lit the fires. This consisted in striking matches and throwing them out upon the roof of the piazza, where they burned amazingly well on the shingles. With rare forethought both Mildred and the young visitor varied the devotional exercises by tossing tumblersful of water upon the blazing matchsticks.

Suddenly mamma swooped down, in accordance with age old custom, administered the aforesaid slap, and Miss Mildred had her meager supper in bed. Next day she was bidden to apologize for her misbehavior, and this she did, saying:

"I'm afraid I made a great mistake in having Catherine here yesterday. I'm sorry she came."

One Trial Was Enough.
Man (to large employer of labor)—"Want any hands this morning, sir?"

"What have you been used to?"

"Making myself generally useful in a large factory."

"Who for?"

"For the government, sir."

"Have you a good reference?"

"I was seven years at the last place."

"Take a seat; I think I'll give you a trial."

"No, thanks. The last time I had a trial I got seven years. Good morning!"—London Tit-Bits.

The Best Position.
"I see the new magazine is out?"

"Yes, and they've got my poem right next to advertising matter!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A MOTHER'S DUTY.

She Generally Neglects the One She Owes to Herself.

"I'll tell your papa on you when he comes home; see if I don't!"
The voice was harsh and irritating, and I turned to look at the woman to whom it belonged. Her hair had not been combed that day and her jaws were tied up because of toothache. Her teeth had gone to pieces because she never brushed them or put them in care of a dentist. Her shoes were unlaced and untied and run over at the heel, her stockings wrinkled down about her ankles, and her gown and torn apron—my, how dirty they were! Three little children were about her feet, two of them twins. (I wonder why it is that women the least fitted for controlling and training children always have the most of them?) The infant she was trying to discipline was a puny thing of three years. She could have made it obey with a very little patience and firmness, but she was absolutely too good for nothing to attempt to exercise them. It would not be the truth to call her weak, for plenty of power was there; she simply would not bestir herself mentally.

Come to think of it, isn't it a wonder that the human race is as well off as it is with so many mothers like this one?

I looked ahead a little into the woman's future, and my prophetic soul read her finish. I saw a female creature old before her time. Her husband never appeared in public with her if he could help himself. Her children despised, defied and neglected her. She was a mere beast of burden for her family.

In my mind's eye I see her now going on an outing with her young ones. They are "dressed to kill" except that they are not overclean. The little girls are belaced, beribboned and beuffled. She herself wears a rumpled old hat, a cheap black skirt with grease and mud stains upon it, and it gapes horribly at the pocket hole behind. (I wonder again why this style of mother always has her dress skirt bulging and gaping open behind?) The habit of leaving her stockings loose and slovenly and her shoes untied or buttonless has grown on her till now when she "dresses up" she goes away from home with them in the same condition. Her hair is gummy and not properly combed, and the habit of slovenliness has reached the point where she merely throws a black skirt on outside of her nucleus everyday gown, and the bedraggled facing shows below.

Fine picture she makes, does she not? Yet she thinks she is a devoted mother because she never cleans herself up and because she never has anything decent to wear. She really has picked herself to the bone to clothe her offspring in the present over-dressed, ostentatious fashion for children. She calls that self sacrifice!

Suppose now that she had had some respect for the dignity of womanhood and motherhood. She would have known that for a mother to display weakness before a child is to make the child despise her. She would have known, too, that the greatest mistake a



"I'LL TELL YOUR PAPA ON YOU!"

mother can make is to sacrifice herself to her family in all that makes life worth living. Such sacrifice is never appreciated. On the contrary, those for whom it is made come to regard it as only their due, and they can never get enough of it to satisfy them. Suppose that this slattern mother had always dressed her children cleanly, but very plainly, and had put the time she gave to furbelowing them up on keeping her own person neat and tidy, likewise devoting a sufficient amount of it to gently but firmly making them obey her when it was necessary to give them a command. It is not often really necessary if a mother has good sense. Children are extremely sensitive to outside appearances, and they adore a mother who keeps herself clean, neat and pretty.

There, too, is the dignity of wifehood. The slatternly, picked to the bone mother's husband married her when she seemed to him a pretty, tidy girl, one whom he chose from all the world to make his and her home. She cannot preserve his respect—how can she?—unless she always strives to look well in his eyes after marriage, unless she shows him she has the strength to control her children and manage the household. He may help with the family discipline when called on, but his respect intellectually for the wife who thus calls on him will cease from that moment.

KATE SHARP.

PORTSMOUTH, KITTY AND YORK BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

STR ET RAILWAY.

FALL ARRANGEMENT, 1902.

From Portsmouth—Ferry leaves P. K. & Y. Landing, Portsmouth, 6.55, 7.25, 7.55, 8.25, 8.55, 9.25, 9.55, 10.25, 10.55, 11.25, 11.55 a. m., 12.25, 12.55, 1.25, 1.55, 2.25, 2.55, 3.25, 3.55, 4.25, 4.55, 5.25, 5.55, 6.25, 6.55, 7.25, 7.55, 8.25, 8.55, 9.25, 9.55, 10.25, 10.55 p. m.; Arrive at St. Aspidiquid Park, York Beach, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 p. m.

To Portsmouth—Car leaves St. Aspidiquid Park, York Beach, 6.45, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30 p. m.; Arrives at P. K. & Y. Landing, Portsmouth, 6.55, 7.05, 7.35, 8.05, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, 11.05, 11.35 a. m., 12.05, 12.35, 1.05, 1.35, 2.05, 2.35, 3.05, 3.35, 4.05, 4.35, 5.05, 5.35, 6.05, 6.35, 7.05, 7.35, 8.05, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, 11.05 p. m.

*Ferry plies between Portsmouth and Kittery making close connection with electric cars.

**Cancelled Sunday.

†Mail and Express trips—week days.

Car heated.

Subject to changes and unavoidable delays.

W. G. MELOON, Gen. Mgr.

Kittery & Elliot Street Railway Co

Leaves Greenacre, Elliot—6.10, 6.45, 7.15, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 a. m., 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 p. m.

*Leaves Ferry Landing, Kittery—6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30 p. m.

Sunday—First trip from Greenacre 8.10 a. m.

*Ferry leaves Portsmouth five minutes earlier.

**Leaves Staples' Store, Elliot.

***To Kittery and Kittery Point only.

†Runs to Staples' store only.

Fares—Portsmouth to South Elliot school house No. 7, 5 cents; South Elliot school house No. 7 to Greenacre 5 cents.

Tickets for sale at T. F. Staples & Co's, Elliot, and T. E. Wilson's, Kittery.

Portsmouth Electric Railway

Time-Table in Effect Daily, Commencing September 17, 1902.

Main Line.

Leave Market Square for Rye Beach and Little Bear's Head at 7.05 a. m., 8.05 and hourly until 7.05 p. m. For Cable Road only at 6.50 a. m., 8.50 a. m. and 10.05 p. m. For Little Bear's Head only at 8.05 and 9.05 p. m. Cars make close connection for North Hampton.

Returning—Leave a Junction with E. H. & A. St. Ry. at 8.05 a. m., 9.05 and hourly until 8.05 p. m. Leave Cable Road 6.10 a. m., 7.30 a. m. and 10.40 p. m. Leave Little Bear's Head 9.10 p. m. and 10.10 p. m.

Plains Loop.

Up Middle street and up Islington street—Leave Market Square at 6.35 a. m., 7.05, 7.35 and half-hourly until 10.05 p. m., and at 10.35 and 11.05.

Christian Shore Loop.

Up Islington street and down Market street—Leave Market Square at 6.35 a. m., 7.05, 7.35 and half-hourly until 10.05 p. m., and at 10.35 and 11.05.

*Omitted Sundays.

**Omitted holidays.

†Saturdays only.

D. J. FLANDERS, Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent.

WINSLOW T. PERKINS, Superintendent.

TIME TABLE.

Portsmouth & Exeter Electric Railway.

Cars Leave Portsmouth for Greenland Village, Stratham and Exeter at 6.35 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 9.35 p. m. After that time one car will leave Portsmouth at 10.30, running to Greenland Village and Stratham only.

Cars Leave Exeter for Stratham, Greenland Village and Portsmouth at 5.45 a. m. and every hour until 9.45 p. m. After that a car will leave Exeter at 10.45 and run to Greenland Village only.

Theatre Cars.

(Note) The last car from Portsmouth to Greenland Village, Stratham and Exeter waits at Portsmouth until the conclusion of performances at the opera house.

CEMETERY LOTS CARED FOR AND TURFING DONE.

WITH increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge and bury all such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be intrusted to his care. He will give careful attention to the burial and tending of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones and the removal of bodies in addition to work at the cemetery he will do turbing and grading in the city at short notice.

Cemetery lots for sale, also lots and turf. Orders left at his residence, corner of Wick Avenue and South Street, or by mail, or by delivery to his office at No. 10, State Street, will receive prompt attention.

M. J. GRIFFIN.

PORTSMOUTH, KITTY AND YORK BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

STR ET RAILWAY.

FALL ARRANGEMENT, 1902.

From Portsmouth—

THE HERALD.

(Formerly The Evening Post)
ESTABLISHED SEPT. 23, 1884.

Published every evening, Sundays and holidays excepted.
Terms: \$1.00 a year, when paid in advance, 5 cents a month, 2 cents per copy, delivered in any part of the city or sent by mail.
Advertising rates reasonable and made known upon application.
Communications should be addressed to
HERALD PUBLISHING CO.,
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.
Telephone 57-3
Entered at the Portsmouth, N. H. Post Office second class mail matter.

For Portsmouth And Portsmouth's Interests

You want local news? Read the Herald. More local news than all other local papers combined. Try it.

TUESDAY, OCT. 28, 1902.

The supreme court of the state of Washington has decided that a Japanese immigrant is not eligible to American citizenship. Courts of other states had previously given a similar decision, and probably could not do otherwise as the law stands. But it does not seem right that while Turks, Arabs, blacks from the Congo or Kanakas from the South Sea islands are freely admitted to citizenship on complying with the preliminary conditions, the progressive and intelligent "little brown men," the "Yankees of the Orient," should be debarred. They are members of a nation that is recognized as one of the powers of the world, and with which this country has maintained the most amicable relations and hopes to continue the same.

Rear Admiral O'Neil, chief of the naval bureau of ordnance, is an ardent advocate of giving the utmost armor protection and most powerful batteries possible to the proposed new armored cruisers, even if this should result in their not being so speedy by a knot or so as they would be with lighter armor and armament. He thinks the contest the different naval powers have indulged in to get faster vessels than each other, at the expense of a serious reduction of fighting ability, has been a mistake. His idea, as expressed in his annual report to the secretary of the navy, just issued, is that "the best vessel is not necessarily the one that can most quickly get into or out of battle, or keep out of battle, but is rather the one that can remain in battle the longest after she gets there." It does seem that that is a very good kind of vessel for a man-of-war, too.

The report of Attorney General Knox that the Panama canal company can transfer to the United States a valid and indisputable title to all the property and franchises held by that company will be accepted by this country as conclusive. That energetic official, not content with sending an agent to Paris to examine the company's title, went there himself and made an exhaustive investigation; and his report clears away the most serious bar to the adoption of the Panama route for the American isthmian canal. It now only remains for Colombia to agree to certain conditions demanded by our government in regard to concessions of territory bordering on the line of the canal, or the control of such territory, and it is not believed that Colombia will be slow in granting what is demanded. The Colombians recognize the great advantage the construction of the canal by the Panama route would be to them.

THE NEWSPAPER MAN.

The Herald recently republished a poem from the pages of the Blue Pencil Magazine which dwelt upon the vices and virtues, with special emphasis on the latter, of the newspaper man.

It is undeniably true that there is no person so universally sought after, and yet none who is the recipient of so much harsh criticism and so little real praise as the active newspaper

worker. He is seldom admitted to society (this, of course does not apply to owners and managing editors) but he, nevertheless, meets, on equal terms, men and women who hold the highest positions in city, state and country. To such people he must be the affable, polished gentleman, and perhaps half an hour after bidding his distinguished acquaintances goodbye, he is called upon to be hail fellow, well met with the members of the lowest order of society. One moment he may be the center of a jovial, care-free throng and the next a witness of scenes, heart-rending in their pathos.

He sees vice in its most attractive and most repulsive forms. He sees virtue, also, and sometimes finds it where one would never dream it could be found. His sensibilities are often rudely shocked and his faith in human nature is sometimes shaken, for the newspaper man learns many things, and the general public would be astonished could it know how many secrets of other people, accidentally discovered, are securely locked in the inner cells of his brain.

He has thousands of acquaintances and few friends. His enemies are numbered by the score, but those to whom he can turn for a helping hand in time of trouble are few indeed.

He meets temptations such as are encountered by no other man, not even the commercial traveler. The wonder is not that he sometimes yields, but that he so often successfully resists.

His is a truly strenuous life. He can never be really sure that his work is done and he can never be entirely certain when he begins his day's duties, that they will not consume the entire twenty-four hours. He must learn to combine business with pleasure and to accept rebuffs with a smile. He must be all things to all men and must be educated to show his real self to very few. If he is sad, he must still show a cheerful front, or, it may be, he must assume a sorrowful air when his soul is bubbling over with happiness.

The newspaper man has a many-sided character, but at heart he is a good fellow and a suffering fellow creature seldom appeals to him in vain for aid.

TWO GOOD STORIES.

Few female stage humorists tell better stories than Georgia Lawrence of Sally in Our Alley. Her latest fortunately possesses all the elements of truth and is a bona fide happening.

A new chorus girl had been engaged for the Lederer show, and on the first pay day she eagerly grasped her envelope and with nervous haste broke it open where the line reads "pull the wire at either end." After counting her stipend her first remark was, "Well, of all things, I think George Lederer has an awful gall to hand me out \$12 for my week's salary."

"Why, what's wrong with it?" queried one of her listeners. "It's all we get."

"I don't care, the idea of me—me working for a paltry \$12. Me, I say! and I could have gotten \$75 a week, mind you playing down at the German theatre—and good parts too; yes, real good parts at seventy-five per."

Seventy-five per? gasped one of her chorus friends, in amazed tone; "why in the world didn't you take it, you chump?"

"Oh, gee! I would have, only I can't speak German!"

Nothing relieves the mind sometimes like writing a man a letter. It is said that Secretary Stanton was once greatly vexed because an officer had refused to understand an order, or at all events had not obeyed.

"I believe I'll sit down," said Stanton, "and give that man a piece of my mind."

"Do so," said Mr. Lincoln, "write it now while you have it on your mind. Make it sharp; cut him all up."

Stanton did not need a second invitation. It was a bone-crusher that he read to the president.

"That's right," said Abe, "that's a good one."

"Whom can I send it by?" mused the secretary.

"Send it!" replied Lincoln, "send it! Why don't you send it at all. Tear it up. You have freed your mind on the subject and that is all that is necessary. Tear it up. You never want to send such letters. I never do."

There is a world of wisdom in Lincoln's suggestion. Write your letter, free your mind, cut with it and then put it in the drawer a week and then read it over and burn it up and say no more about it.

OLD TOLLHOUSE TORN DOWN.

History Of Quaint Structure At Eastern End Of Kittery Point Bridge.

The old tollhouse at the easterly end of the Kittery Point bridge was torn down last week and the materials hauled away somewhere out of sight. It was not a difficult job to tear it to pieces as it was a small affair, only one story high and covering but a small extent of ground, and was much decayed. There was about as much cellar to it as there was house.

It was built in 1839, the year the bridge across Spruce creek was opened to travel, superseding the ferry from the end of what is now called Old Ferry lane to the landing near the ancient Gerrish house, which previously had been the only means of transportation across the creek at that point.

It stood on piles on the northerly side of the bridge, near its westerly end, for several years, but the high and steep hill which comes down close to that end of the bridge made the location a bad one for a tollhouse, as teams bound across the bridge from that end found it difficult, and sometimes impossible, to stop at the tollhouse when the roads were slippery in winter. So it was moved to the other end of the bridge, to a piece of ground but little larger than enough for it to stand on, and which was sold to the town with the proviso that if it ever ceased to be used by the town it should revert to the seller or his estate.

The bridge was made a free one by act of the Maine legislature in 1895, and the taking of toll ceased on Saturday, July 6, of that year, on which day the people of Kittery had quite a celebration in Gerrish's grove, where a band, the speakers and prominent citizens occupied a platform decorated with flags, bunting and flowers, and a large crowd assembled.

Horace Mitchell, who, as state senator had engineered through the bill to free the bridge, presided; Hon. Moses H. Safford, for the bridge corporation, formally turned the bridge over to Edward F. Safford, chairman of the board of selectmen, representing the town; and Hon. Llewellyn Powers of Houlton gave an address, which was followed by remarks from others. In the evening there was a band concert, and a fine display of fireworks from the bridge. About everybody in the town who owned a team drove there during the day, for the express purpose of crossing the bridge without paying toll.

The freeing of the bridge of course put the toll house out of commission, but the last toll taker, Mrs. Joanna Brooks, continued to live in it. At the Kittery town meeting in March of last year an order was passed directing the selectmen to remove the building within sixty days. The selectmen were willing to obey the order, but found themselves unable to do so.

The heirs of the Duncan estate, to which the site of the tollhouse had reverted, in accordance with the terms of transfer to the town, denied the right of the town to interfere with the building, claiming that ownership of the same went with the land. Anyway, they did not remove it, and Mrs. Brooks continued to live there.

Recently the Duncan estate was bought by James Walker, who notified the selectmen that if the town wanted the building the town could have it, only take it off his land; he didn't want it there—he didn't want it anyway. The selectmen offered to give it to Mrs. Brooks on condition that she would have it moved to some other site forthwith, but she had no place to which to remove it, so the only alternative was to tear it down, and this has been done.

Diminutive and low as the building was, and situated at the foot of a hill, its removal has made a noticeable change in the landscape, and afforded a much finer view of the river when approaching it from the Kittery Point side.—I. P. Miller in Boston Sunday Globe.

FIGURES WHICH COUNT.

The legislation of the republican party has made it possible for the workmen of this country, not only to make money, but to make enough money to save some of their earnings. Under the democratic administration men who had a little money in banks had to take it out to live on. Under the republican regime the workmen are adding to their little pile every day. This is shown by the Treasury department figures of bank accounts. The deposits in saving banks, which in 1897 amounted to \$1,939,376,035, were in 1901 \$2,597,094,580; individual deposits in national banks, which in 1897 were \$1,916,630,252, were in 1902 \$3,111,690,196; deposits in state banks grew from \$722,647,795 in 1897 to \$1,610,502,246 in 1901; deposits in loan and trust companies from \$566,922,205 in 1897 to \$1,271,081,174 in 1901; and those in the private banks reporting to the comptroller of the currency grew from \$50,278,243 in 1897 to \$118,621,903 in 1901. Thus the deposits in the various classes of banking institutions in the country grew from \$5,196,647,530 in 1897 to \$8,535,053,136 in 1901. In the four-year period from 1897 to 1899 the deposits in all banking institutions of the country for which a record can be obtained increased only \$257,598,963, while in the four years from 1897 to 1901 they increased \$3,338,295,606.

THE MECHANIC AND JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

One day not long ago a marine engineer received a polite letter asking him to call at the office of the Astor estate. Mr. John Jacob Astor wished to consult him.

"I'll have to go all dressed up," he said to his wife.

"I should think so," was the decisive reply. "Put on your best things or you'll look out of place."

The mechanic, painfully arrayed in unaccustomed starch, arrived at the office, which he found to be an unpretentious two-story double brick building on a side street leading from Broadway. The only indications of possible wealth were a number of massive iron bars guarding the front windows, similar to those sometimes found in front of banks or deposit vaults. On the inside were glass partitions, and counters with little brass-barred windows, and several serious-faced clerks poring over account books. One of these asked his name and conducted him up a short flight of steps.

The mechanic looked about him and saw a dingy, uninteresting interior with a commonplace safe. At the head of the stairs was a small room with several doors leading into various other rooms. Into one of these he was ushered. The only occupant was a tall man with an erect military bearing. The apartment was plainly furnished with a roll-top desk, several bookcases, a centre table, and three or four plain framed pictures. A red carpet covered the floor. The only outside light came from two windows opening into a very narrow court. Out in this court nothing could be seen but a blank white wall. Of the busy street only a few yards away there was no sign. Even the din of traffic from Broadway was faint.

The tall man was bending over a blue-print spread out upon the table. He glanced up as the clerk said:

"Mr. Astor, this is Mr. So and So. He has an appointment with you, I believe."

Mr. Astor wished to see him about the details of an invention he was perfecting. The blue-prints revealed a comprehensive plan for a new marine steam turbine which Mr. Astor had made. The engineer listened carefully, but he scarcely could conceal his amazement at the thorough knowledge of marine mechanics exhibited by Mr. Astor. He was quick to realize that the new turbine promised to be a radical improvement over the one in common use. When he went home that afternoon his wife awaited the description of his call.

"Tell me about it," she said. "What did he look like? Was his office full of fine things?"

He shook his head.

"Then what did you see, John?"

"I saw a man," came the answer slowly, "and a mighty clever man, too. If he wasn't rich the world would be richer. I tell you, Mary, if John Astor's hands weren't tied by so much wealth and so many social obligations, he'd make an entirely different sort of name."—Henry Harrison Lewis in The World's Work.

ANOTHER AMERICAN TRIUMPH.

Score another important triumph for the sort of diplomacy which the United States has consistently practiced ever since it has been a member of the family of nations and which has been conspicuously illustrated of late. The powers concerned—Great Britain, France and Germany—have decided to withdraw the troops that were stationed at Shanghai during the Boxer troubles. In return for this China gives assurance that all foreigners shall have equal rights in Shanghai and the Yangtze valley—one of the greatest and richest trading regions in the East. The United States had no direct participation in the negotiations which brought about this result, as it had no troops in Shanghai. But our government was fully advised as to what was going on and indicated its sympathy with the plan proposed. In fact, the outcome is simply a logical following up and extension of the "open door" policy which was urged by the United States in 1900, and is fresh proof to China of American fairness and good will. It is certain that this country will share the commercial advantages of an open door to the Shanghai section of China while its considerate and conciliatory course will command the favorable opinion of the Chinese government and people.

There are indications of a real estate boom in this vicinity.



DARKEST RUSSIA.

The well-known and popular Bennett-Moulton company opened an engagement of a week's duration in Music hall on Monday evening, by the presentation of H. Graton Donnelly's famous melodrama, Darkest Russia.

Darkest Russia has been seen in Portsmouth a number of times before, but it is a perennial favorite and people never seem to tire of its clever admixture of humor, pathos and thrilling climaxes. There is a reason for Darkest Russia's popularity—it is a well-constructed play. Its action is rapid and its adventurous theme is of the sort that makes the blood move faster.

The members of the Bennett-Moulton company scored a hit at the very beginning of their engagement, not only by the selection of an excellent vehicle for the display of their talents, but also by the excellence of their production. Charles McGrath and Miss Minnie Evans were assigned the leading roles, and it would be hard to find two people better capable of enacting the parts of Alexis Nazimoff and Olga Karscheff. Charlie Frey gave a splendid representation of the part of Col. Septimus Cobb, the happy-go-lucky but brave American traveler and Miss Francis made a good impression in the part of Baroness Von Rhineberg. Arthur A. Griffin and William Eardley were two very convincing villains and Lavinia Thompson did good work in the difficult character of the Countess Karscheff. The other principal parts were taken by Adelle Adams, Merton Stock and E. V. Evans and were taken exceptionally well.

The Bennett-Moulton company has always been a strong one, but it is stronger than ever this year and the large audience which greeted it on Monday evening was not at all backward in expressing its approval.

The company brings its own orchestra and it is an excellent one.

This evening the offering will be Outcasts of Society.

CLIMAXES THAT SATISFY.

Every dramatist is a believer in last impressions. The four acts and seven scenes of Sky Patrol which is coming again to Music hall on Nov. 5th, have accordingly climaxes that interest and satisfy the audience. In the first act, the minister's housekeeper makes a most interesting discovery; in the second, the fox defeats



the bear; in the third, Nature comes to the assistance of an apparently helpless young matron, and in the last act, a little child breaks through the flintiness of an adamant parent's heart and causes the curtain to fall upon a scene of reconciliation and merriment that sends everybody home with better feelings toward their fellow-men.

CREATORE AND HIS SUCCESS.

The success of Creatore, the wonderful Italian band leader soon to be heard here, has kept his managers in a state of uncertainty as to the disposition of his time. It was the original intention to remain in New York but two weeks, but Creatore created a sensational acceptance the first night he was there; the whole town was talking about him the next day, and the engagement was extended to five weeks, and a little later on to eight weeks, and finally to one hundred nights. Offers were received from every direction as all wished to see the sensational Italian. The original arrangement for taking the band to California was

abandoned, and after a short engagement at the Pittsburg Exposition, the band returned to New York to remain so long that only a few nearby cities could be visited. Not only is the leader sensational, but his band is composed of the best Italian masters, and the music they produce is something wonderfully fine.

Scald head is an eczema of the scalp—very severe sometimes, but it can be cured. Doan's Ointment, quick and permanent in its results. At any drug store, 50 cents.

LITTLE TALES.

"What on earth are you doing in here, Tommy?" asked his mother, peering into the darkness of the henhouse, whence had been coming for five minutes or more a series of dismal squawking, accompanied by a loud flapping of wings. "I am trying," said Tommy, who seemed to be doing something with a knotted rope, "to fix this rooster so his alarm won't go off before seven o'clock tomorrow morning."

A girl in Americus, Ga., became engaged to a man who was not wholly acceptable to her parents, and they kept her under surveillance to prevent her from eloping with him. First thing they knew the girl had eloped with another man. John Smith of the Buffalo Express thinks that parents occasionally play their parts too strongly.

Doctor to Gilbert (aged four)—"Put your tongue out, dear."—Sick little Gilbert feebly protruded the tip of his tongue. Doctor—"No, no, put it right out." The little fellow shook his head weakly and the tears gathered in his eyes: "I can't, doctor; it's fastened one to me."

Any Child
can be kept healthy, strong and cheerful by giving it occasional doses of
True's PIN WORM ELIXIR
It not only removes worms, but cures the itching, and is a perfect tonic and blood purifier. It is the only purely vegetable vermifuge. So harmless that it cannot hurt the most delicate child. At druggists 25 cents. Bottle free. Send for it.
DR. J. F. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Me.

CHECKLIST NOTICE.

The Board of Registrars of Voters for the City of Portsmouth hereby gives notice, that they will be in session at the Common Council chamber at City Hall in said city, on the following dates, viz: October 3d, 7th, 10th, 14th, 17th, 20th, 22d, 24th, 27th and 28th at the following hours, from 9 a. m. to 12 m.; from 2 to 5 and 7.30 to 9 p. m., for the purpose of making up and correcting the Checklists of the several wards in said city, to be used at the biennial election to be held November 4th, 1902.

The said board will also be in session at the same place on election day, November 4th, 1902, from 8 a. m. to 12 m., and from 1 to 4 p. m., for the purpose of granting certificates to those legal voters whose names are omitted from the lists.

Voters must bear in mind that it is their personal duty, to see that their names are on the lists by presenting themselves at some meeting of this board.

LORENZO T. BURNHAM,
Chairman.

HERBERT B. DOW, Clerk.

RIPANS

The simplest remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness and the many ailments arising from a disordered stomach, liver or bowels is Ripans Tablets. They have accomplished wonders, and their timely aid removes the necessity of calling a physician for many little ills that beset mankind. They go straight to the seat of the trouble, relieve the distress, cleanse and cure the affected parts, and give the system a general toning up. The Five Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle 50 cents, contains a supply for year. All druggists sell them.

PENNYROYAL PILLS
Genuine and Only Genuine
SALE: Original and Only Genuine
FOR CHLORISTS' ENGLISH
It is a powerful and reliable remedy for all ailments of the stomach, liver, and bowels, and is especially adapted for the treatment of indigestion, constipation, and biliousness. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and is perfectly safe for all ages. It is sold in packets of five cents each, and in bottles of 50 cents each. It is sold by all druggists and by the proprietors, J. F. True & Co., Auburn, Me.

MEN AND WOMEN.
The best and most reliable remedy for all ailments of the stomach, liver, and bowels, and is especially adapted for the treatment of indigestion, constipation, and biliousness. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and is perfectly safe for all ages. It is sold in packets of five cents each, and in bottles of 50 cents each. It is sold by all druggists and by the proprietors, J. F. True & Co., Auburn, Me.

LABOR UNION DIRECTORY.

CENTRAL LABOR UNION.

Pres. John T. Mallon;
Vice Pres. James Lyons;
Rec. Sec. Francis Quinn.
Composed of delegates from all the local unions.
Meets at A. O. H. hall, first and last Thursday of each month.

FEDERAL UNION.

Pres. Gordon Preble;
Sec. E. W. Clark.
Meets in A. O. H. hall second and fourth Fridays of each month.

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, NO. 421.

Pres. William B. Randall;
Vice Pres. Harrison O. Holtz;
Rec. Sec. Miss Z. Gortrade Young;
Sec. Treas. Arthur G. Brewster;
Serg. at Arms, Wilbur B. Shaw.
Meets in Pelce hall second Saturday of each month.

PAINTERS.

Pres. William T. Lyons;
Rec. Sec. Charles H. Colson.
Meets first and third Fridays of each month, in G. A. R. hall.

COOPER'S UNION.

Pres. Stanton Truman;
Sec. John Molloy.
Meets second Tuesday of each month in G. A. R. hall, Daniel street.

MIXERS AND SERVERS, NO. 308.

Pres. John Harrington;
Sec. William Dunn.
Meets in Hibernian hall, first and third Sundays of each month.

HOD-CARRIERS.

Pres. Frank Bray;
Sec. Brainard Hersey.
Meets 38 Market street, first Monday of the month.

GROCERY CLERKS.

Pres. William Harrison;
Sec. Walter Staples.
Meets first and third Thursdays of the month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

TEAMSTERS UNION.

Pres. John Gorman;
Sec. James D. Brooks.
Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

BARBERS.

Pres. John Long;
Sec. Frank Ham.
Meets in Longshoremen's hall, first Friday of each month.

GRANITE CUTTERS.

Pres. John T. Mallon;
Sec. James McNaughton.
Meets third Friday of each month at A. O. H. hall.

CARPENTERS UNION.

Pres. Frank Dennett;
Rec. Sec. John Parsons.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

LONGSHOREMEN.

Pres. Jere Conhig;
Sec. Michael Leyden.
Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

BOTTLERS.

Pres. Dennis E. Drislane;
Sec. Eugene Sullivan.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month at Pelce hall, High street.

BREWERY WORKERS.

Pres. Albert Adams;
Rec. Sec. Richard P. Fullam;
Fin. Sec. John Connell.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of the month, at 38 Market street.

BRICKLAYERS AND MASONS.

Pres. Charles E. Whitehouse;
Sec. James E. Chickering.
Meets first and third Saturdays of each month in Red Men's hall.

BOOT AND SHOE WORKERS UNION NO. 14.

Pres. James H. Cogan;
Fin. Sec. W. S. Wright;
Treas. Edward Amazeen.
Meet in U. V. U. hall every second Thursday of the month.

Professional Cards.

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DENTAL ROOMS, 18 MARKET SQUARE
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108 MOUNTAIN 100 to 1000

DON'T CHASE SHADOWS.

Not Necessary to Do So in Portmouth.

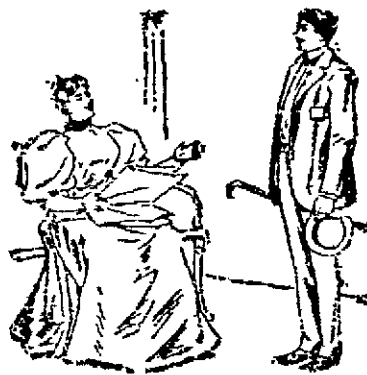
The substance is what you want. Let the shadow alone. Stranger's testimony is a shadow. You want other endorsement to convince.

Positive endorsement of friends and neighbors

Removes the shadow of doubt.

Mr. Charles Kennedy of 25 Gates street says:—"A few years ago I was laid up with rheumatism for over two months, so that I could not get out of the house. I never regained my former strength and my kidneys are apt to become sluggish. During the winter I was taken with a very lame back, and the constant ache made me miserable. I was so sore over my kidneys that I could hardly pick anything from the floor and twinges caught me in the back that were excruciating. After I commenced using them I gradually grew better until the lameness and soreness entirely disappeared."

For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.



LOW PRICES.

Many people shout Low Prices. The prices are low—so is the quality of the goods. We say low prices and we lack up the statement with a good strong reason. We can make the best clothing—make it as well as it can be made—at low prices, because our expenses are light and we have many patrons. There is no use throwing money away. There is no use paying any more for perfection than you have to. We will be glad to see you at any time.

HAUGH,
LADIES' AND GENTS' TAILOR
20 High Street.

W. E. Paul
RANGES
—AND—
PARLOR STOVES
KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS

Everything to be found in a First-Class Kitchen Furnishing Store, such as Tinware (both grades), Enameled Ware (both grades), Nickel Ware, Wooden Ware, Cutlery, Lamps, Oil Heaters, Carpet Sweepers, Washing Machines, Wringers, Cake Closets, Lunch Boxes, etc.

Many useful articles will be found on the 5c and 10c Counters.

Please consider that in this line

will be found some of the

Most Useful and Acceptable Holiday Gift

39 to 45 Market Street

OLIVER W. HAM,

(Successor to Samuel S. Fletcher)

60 Market Street.

Furniture Dealer

Undertaker.

NIGHT CALLS at side entrance, No. 2 Hanover street, or at residence, cor. New Vaughan street and Raynes avenue.

Telephone 59-2.

FIRST MEETING.

Arbitration Commission In Session At Washington.

Operators Agree To Submit Sworn Statements Of Miners' Wages.

Commission Declines President Baer's Offer Of A Special Train.

Washington, Oct. 27.—The principal action at the meeting of the anthracite coal commission today was the agreement of the operators to submit sworn statements of their pay-rolls and that Mr. Mitchell should have an opportunity of verifying them through the miners. If discrepancies were found, it was agreed that the commission should appoint an auditor whose findings should govern the board.

The commission adjourned and will meet in Scranton on Thursday next. President Baer offered to place a special train at the disposal of the commission to take the members to Scranton. This offer was declined, as the gentlemen comprising the commission expect to pay their own expenses.

The Commission Meets.

Washington, Oct. 27.—The anthracite coal strike commission met at two o'clock this afternoon in the hearing room of the interstate commerce commission. All the members of the commission were present. Mr. Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers, and District President Fahey appeared for the miners, and the coal roads were represented as follows: President Baer of the Philadelphia and Reading; E. B. Thomas, chairman of the board of Pennsylvania Coal company and Hilsdale Coal and Iron company; Alfred Walter, president of the Lehigh Valley; W. H. Truesdale, president of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western; David Wilcox, vice president of the Delaware and Hudson; John B. Herr, vice president of the Scranton Coal company and Elk Hill Coal and Iron company; J. B. Torrey, attorney for the Delaware and Hudson and Francis I. Gowan, attorney for the Lehigh Valley company.

Low Prices Quoted.

New York, Oct. 27.—With tracks comparatively free from passenger traffic, all the anthracite roads rushed trains eastward on Sunday to fill the gap in the coal marts caused by the great strike. More than 10,000 tons reached the receiving yards and piers in Jersey City and its neighborhood.

It is understood that coal will be divided into small lots and put on the retail market today with the understanding that consumers shall not be required to pay more than \$6.50 a ton for it in any instance.

Some dealers even went so far as to promise they would sell it to the poor at the rate of ten cents a bucket, which really would be \$6.60 a ton.

Many dealers who still have coal bought at high prices during the strike will still charge \$2.50 a ton more than the dealers who are handling the new supply.

Many Mines Start Up.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Oct. 27.—There are more mines in operation in the anthracite region today than at any time since May 12 last, when the strike began. The Lehigh region continues to be the barren spot. The employees of Pardee and company and Cox and Brothers and company are still idle.

The Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal company started up its collieries in the Lehigh region today. Ninety-five per cent. of the mines in the Wyoming and Lackawanna region are now in operation and there will be a large increase in the output today. The output at the collieries of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western company and the Delaware and Hudson company will be especially heavy. In some of the mines there are many difficulties to be overcome. There are falls of frequent occurrence, and this retards the mining.

Car Shortage Feared.

New York, Oct. 27.—Railroad officials declare that the indications of a serious car shortage throughout the country are becoming more and more pronounced, and the outlook is causing no little apprehension. The movement of general freight, both east and west, is reported to be unusually heavy. Under normal conditions the

principal lines would find their facilities heavily taxed.

The termination of the coal strike, however, and the resumption of mining has resulted in an abnormal demand for cars of all kinds suitable to carry coal by the anthracite roads, and the heavy coal shipments are expected to severely tax the hauling power of these lines.

All-rail grain has not yet started to come forward to any great extent, but will begin to move in large quantities next month, and then, judging from all present indications, the officials declare the lines will witness one of the greatest car shortages on record. All the trunk lines are using their utmost endeavors to enforce the per diem agreement to hurry the return of their cars.

Becomes A Full Member.

Washington, Oct. 27.—Col. Carroll D. Wright was appointed by President Roosevelt to full membership on the anthracite coal strike commission Saturday. He will, however, continue to act as recorder of the board.

These Miners Still Idle.

Tamaqua, Pa., Oct. 27.—The Place colliery, operated by Lentz and company did not resume today, owing to the fact that the operators refused to take back fifteen union men discharged, because of the claim that they were ringleaders in the disturbances which occurred during the strike.

The union strikers yesterday decided by a unanimous vote to stay out unless these men were reinstated.

REVIEWED BY THE KING.

Four Thousand South African Veterans March Before Edward.

London, Oct. 27.—King Edward this morning reviewed nearly 4000 guardsmen who have recently returned from South Africa. The glittering uniforms of the soldiers formed a spectacle that attracted a large crowd to the House Guards' parade. His Majesty, wearing the uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Guards, and accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught and Lord Roberts, rode through the ranks and then addressing the troops, welcomed them home. He praised the work which they had done in the field, saying:

"You have upheld the great name which has made everybody who has served in the Guards a proud man. I, myself, feel proud to have as a young man, served in your ranks, though I regret I never had the pleasure of seeing active service. A finer body of men it is impossible to wish to see. It is a proud day for me to have inspected the Guards' brigade."

In spite of their arduous duties in South Africa, the King remarked, the men had not forgotten their drill, and the march past today was as well done if not better carried out, than ever before.

The Queen and other ladies of the royal family drove past in carriages. At the conclusion of the ceremony the troops gave hearty cheers for the King, waving their busbies bayonet high.

IN A CLUMP OF BUSHES.

Body Of A Man Found With A Bullet Hole In His Head.

Chicago, Oct. 27.—The body of Nels Anderson, said to have been one of the best known steamship men in the country, was found today in a clump of bushes on the Washington park golf links by a passing policeman. Considerable mystery surrounds the case, as a bullet hole was discovered in the man's head but no trace of any weapon could be found. Anderson was at one time general agent of the White Star Steamship company and was also at one time connected with the Atlantic Steamship company. His home was in Chicago.

DESCRIBES HER MOTHER'S DEATH.

Mrs. Curtis The Principal Witness In Molineux Trial On Monday.

New York, Oct. 27.—Mrs. Florence Rogers, daughter of Mrs. Adams, the victim of the tragedy, was the principal witness in the Molineux trial today. She related the circumstances of her mother's death and was closely examined regarding her relations with Cornish. Very little was elicited on this line of argument.

The rest of the session was taken up by handwriting experts.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents and \$1.00. Sold by Geo. Hill, Druggist.

Few bicycles are seen on the streets nowadays.

LOSES TWO SONS.

A Vermont Farmer Suffers A Double Misfortune.

One Lad Mysteriously Shot, The Other Disappears.

Generally Believed That Missing Boy Accidentally Killed His Brother.

South Londonderry, Vt., Oct. 27.—One hundred men and boys are searching this vicinity for trace of the fifteen-year-old son of John F. Johnson, of this place, who disappeared yesterday at about the time his brother, Clifford, a year younger, received a bullet wound in the head which caused almost instant death. It is generally believed that the boy fled in fright and it is feared that he may have committed suicide as he is thought to have taken with him the revolver with which the shooting was done. No quarrel is known to have existed between the lads.

The shooting occurred in the chamber occupied by the brothers, in the Johnson home, which is about two miles from the village. Mr. Johnson formerly was a policeman in Somerville, Mass., but of late years has carried on a prosperous farm here. Yesterday morning he was making ready to go to the creamery and the boys were going with him. Mrs. Johnson had called up stairs to her sons, as they were not ready to join their father, and Melvin, the older one, answered the call. A moment later, Mrs. Johnson noticed a jar as if something heavy had fallen in the chamber and Melvin came down stairs and went out without uttering a word.

Mrs. Johnson went up stairs to find out what was the matter and she saw Clifford on the floor with blood on his face. She thought that boy was having a hemorrhage from the nose and ran back for something to give him. On returning she found that the blood came from a bullet hole in the temple. He was barely alive and death came in a few minutes. The older boy meanwhile had disappeared.

An examination of the wound in Clifford's head disclosed the fact that it was made with a revolver bullet. No revolver, however, could be found. The size of the bullet and the fact that the boys had the revolver which the father used when a policeman in Somerville led to the belief that the shooting was done with that instrument, while the failure to find it was taken as indication that Melvin Johnson had carried it away with him.

These facts at once roused grave fears for the boy's safety. In the absence of any known quarrel between the brothers, the parents and all who knew the family were convinced that the shooting must have been accidental. Holding this view, the friends of the family say that the older boy must have been crazed by fright and fled from home, and that, having the revolver he might take his own life. This prompted Mr. Johnson to secure bloodhounds to put on the trail, but even this step did not reveal the course the boy had taken.

JOHNSON IS PLEASED.

Says American League Has Secured Grounds In New York.

New York, Oct. 27.—Ban B. Johnson, president of the American Baseball league, who is in this city, says regarding the announcement just made of the list of players for the proposed new team here: "Every man on the list has been signed by an American league club and, moreover, I know the contracts will be lived up to. Baltimore is to be dropped from our circuit to make way for New York and in this city, right in Manhattan Island, we have leased grounds not only convenient but accessible. The time is not yet ripe for us to divulge the locality, but I will do so shortly. I have been balked once or twice in my plans but this time everything is all right and there is nothing ahead but plain sailing."

HOW PAPER IS MADE.

Annual Product of the Mills Is Valued at \$200,000,000 and Exceeds The Cotton Crop In Weight.

Few readers of the daily newspapers are aware that the paper rustling in their hands was part of a log that was one of a big pile convenient to a pulp mill only a few days before. While

the great mills turn the paper out rapidly, yet there is such a constant and enormous demand for it that there is never a great supply ahead. Consequently, the log is reduced to pulp today and the finished paper made from the same pulp is shipped to the great commercial centers on the following day.

What a mighty industry the manufacture of paper has become is indicated by the fact that the daily newspapers of this city alone consume between 135,000 and 150,000 tons a year for which they pay between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000. And the industry, it may be said, is as yet only in its infancy.

There are now in this country, more than 1,100 pulp and paper mills, with a capacity to produce 2,500,000 tons of paper a year, worth, approximately, \$200,000,000.

In this production New York state takes the lead, as her pulp mills have an average daily output of 2,000 tons. The mills are scattered in the forests of the state and along the edges of the wilderness. The mills run constantly night and day, and both the natural water power and steam are employed to supply the great energy needed to drive them. A steady stream of logs passes in at one end of the mills and never-ending rolls of paper pour out at the other end.

The mills use, in a year, about a billion feet of lumber, but there is no fear that the mills will destroy or even injuriously affect the forests. As a matter of fact, no one is more anxious to preserve the forests than the owners of the pulp mills and for obvious reasons. They employ experts in forestry to look after the timber and go to great expense to discover the best way to preserve the forests.

Already the production of paper is 400,000 tons greater than the annual production of cotton in this country, and it is, therefore, imperative that the source of supply be maintained if the rapidly increasing demand for paper is to be met and the mills operated at a profit.

When the operation of mills is considered, the methods of the International Paper company may be accepted as an exposition of the whole industry. Through the untiring efforts of Hugh Chisholm, this company was organized in January, 1898, with \$25,000,000 cumulative 6 per cent. preferred stock and \$20,000,000 common stock.

This giant corporation has acquired by purchase the manufacturing plants water powers and woodlands of thirty paper-making concerns, which produce the great bulk of the white paper for newspapers in North America, and are as follows:

Glens Falls Paper Mill company, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Hudson River Pulp and Paper company, Palmer Falls, N. Y.; Herkimer Paper company, Herkimer, N. Y.; Piercefield Paper company, Piercefield, N. Y.; Fall Mountain Paper company, Bellows Falls, Vt.; Glen Manufacturing company, Berlin, N. H.; Falmouth Paper company, Jay, Me.; Rumford Falls Paper company, Rumford Falls, Me.; Montague Paper company, Turner Falls, Mass.; St. Maurice Lumber company, Three Rivers, Quebec, Canada; Webster Paper company, Orono, Me.; Plattsburg Paper company, Cadyville, N. Y.; Niagara Falls Paper company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Ontario Paper company, Watertown, N. Y.; Lake George Paper company, Ticonderoga, N. Y.; Winnisseeogee Paper company, Franklin Falls, N. H.; Otis Falls Paper company, Chisholm, Me.; Umbagog Pulp company, Livermore Falls, Me.; Russell Paper company, Lawrence, Mass.; Haverhill Paper company, Haverhill, Mass.; Turner Falls Paper company, Turner Falls, Mass.; C. R. Remington & Sons' Paper company, Watertown, N. Y.; Remington Paper company, Watertown, N. Y.; Ashland Mills, Ashland, N. H.; Rumford Falls Sulphite company, Rumford Falls, Me.; Piscataqua Paper company and Pulp company, Montague, Me.; Moosehead Pulp and Paper company, Solon, Me.; Lyons Falls Mills, Lyons Falls, N. Y.; Milton Mills, Milton, Vt.; Wilder Mills, Olcott Falls, Vt.

These various mills produce about fifteen hundred tons of finished paper a day. The company holds the title to more than nine hundred thousand acres of spruce woodlands in the United States and licenses to cut on twenty-five hundred square miles in Quebec, Canada.

Mr. Chisholm is the president of this corporation. Though he has held no public office, he has taken a keen interest in public affairs and is an earnest member of the republican party and upholder of its principles.

NOTICE.

General Gilman Marston Command, Union Veterans' Union.

At the regular meeting tonight, business of importance will be considered, after which a beautiful supper will be served. Comrades please give this your attention and rally in round numbers. Per Order.

TRUSSES

Having all the latest improvements in TRUSSES, combined with the "know how," enables us to guarantee satisfaction. Try us! If we fail to fit you, it costs you nothing.

A full line of
Shoulder Braces Supporters AND Suspensories
Always on hand.

PHILBRICK'S PHARMACY

The only new announcement that can be said of the celebrated

7-20-4

10c CIGAR

is the sales are constantly increasing in the old territory and meeting with big success in new fields.

R. G. SULLIVAN, Mfr.,
Manchester, N. H.

STANDARD BRAND.
Newark cement

400 Barrels of the above Cement Just Loaded.

THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT
has been on the market for the past fifty years. It has been used on the

Principal Government and Other Public Works,

and has received the commendation of the best Architects and Consumers generally. Persons wanting cement should not be misled. Obtain the best.

FOR SALE BY

JOHN H. BROUGHTON

H. W. NICKERSON
LICENSED EMBALMER

—AND—
FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

Daniel Street, Portsmouth.

Calls by night at residence, 9 Miller avenue, or 11 Gates street, will receive prompt attention.

Telephone at office and residence.

SPRING DECORATIONS ARE IN ORDER



now, and we have the finest stock of handsome wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our price for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

J. H. Gardiner

10 & 12 Daniel St. Portsmouth

"As High as My Heart"

By MARTHA MCCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

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"Oh, grandmamma, I can't—indeed I can't," Corinne said. "It is not that I am contrary, only that I am so—so insupportably tall."

Grandmamma Lawson laughed heartily—it was her way to laugh obstacles out of countenance. "Don't look so tragic, Rinne," she said soothingly. "Remember, Mason Fairlie has not yet proposed."

"But he will. I saw it in his eyes," Corinne broke in. Again grandmamma laughed. "Men were deceivers ever," my dear," she quoted softly. "Especially with their eyes. I admit, though, you are in the way of knowing the look of serious intentions—you must have had at least twenty proposals since you came out."

"Twenty-seven," Corinne said, herself beginning to laugh. "Do you know," she went on, "Mason's inches break my heart? You see, I am rather level-headed."



HE LET GO THE KID TITS AND VANISHED WITHIN.

ed, as becomes a Lawson. I have felt what a beautiful thing it was that we two could marry and so prevent any break up in the firm of Lawson & Fairlie."

"I said as much to your grandpapa when he wanted to forbid Ford Lenox the house," grandmamma answered, her eyes twinkling faintly. Corinne flushed the least bit.

"Grandmamma, how could Mason permit himself to grow up so short? A scant five foot four! Think of promising in the sight of all the world to obey the man you look down at by three inches!"

"There are worse licks than height," grandmamma began. Corinne shook her head impatiently. "Not in my case," she said. "I've been so strenuous about it always, said so many times over and over the man I married had to be taller than myself."

"Don't decide offhand. Wait until you have known Mason six months in stead of six hours. You can't deny that he has a fine face and is through-out a gentleman."

"Oh, he's splendid as far as he goes," Corinne said. "But, dear, dear! Fancy going through life trying to keep step with those short legs! Why couldn't Mason be tall—as tall as Ford Lenox?"

"Leave the question to settle itself tomorrow—it's time you were in bed now," grandmamma said, kissing Corinne upon both cheeks. A wise woman was grandmamma. Too wise to give up at once a cherished plan or to strengthen Corinne's whimsical opposition by reasoning against it. Corinne had really a heart full of romance, for all her pretense of practicality. She would end by loving Mason all the better through feeling that to love him she had sacrificed something.

Upon a day three months later Grandmamma Lawson sadly owned herself mistaken. Corinne had said "No" to Mason Fairlie's suit and so decisively that young gentleman was going back to his distant home the very next day. Worse still, grandmamma was pretty sure Corinne meant to accept Ford Lenox as soon as poor Mason was well out of the way. Lenox had been at the house almost constantly of late, running in at all hours, as one assured of welcome. He was staying with his uncle, the rector.

The rectory stood in narrow grounds between the Lawson place, which was wide and handsome, and the Fairlie homestead, wider and still handsomer. The rectory's ragged shrubbery and unkempt grass made it something of an eyesore to its neighbors, but respect for the rector forbade any protest. The utmost that could be done was metaphorically to turn their backs to it by keeping window down looking out upon it short and sitting upon porches which faced the other way.

Thus it happened that upon the night after Mason's dismissal the rectory glared from top to bottom before anybody knew. Across the street there were vacant woods. The about of a

chance passerby gave the alarm and sent everybody within hearing scurrying to the rescue. Ford Lenox and Corinne among the rest. They had been together since twilight fell, sitting in the garden seat in plain sight of grandmamma and grandpapa, though at most out of hearing. The old people had sat hand in hand, now and then sighing a little at sound of chance exclamations or Corinne's laughter, sweet and shrill—too shrill to come from a perfectly quiet heart.

They found the rectory a pillar of fire. It was an old house, almost the oldest in town, and though its brick walls were thick and stanch the woodwork was dry enough to flash up like tinder. Every open window belched smoke—on the easterly side the smoke was shot through with flame. A light wind drove the flames backward from the west wing, though smoke wreaths eddied well underneath the gable, round about a leaded fan light.

"The master! The master! He's up there!" the housemaid cried, darting at Lenox as he rushed through the gate. Lenox groaned. His uncle, he knew, had made a place in the attic for his best beloved books. If, indeed, the fire had found him there, he was doomed beyond hope. The hall was full of flame, the stairway burning. It would be madness to risk passing it except in the face of certain death. The window was narrow and thirty feet above ground, with not a ladder about that would reach within ten feet of the sill.

"You—you will not let your uncle burn! You must not!" Corinne cried. "Be quick! See the smoke! He will be dead before the engine comes."

"I will save him—if possible," Lenox said, dashing inside the hall. A flash of fiery smoke sent him staggering back, gasping, with singed brows and scorched fingers. "You see! It is impossible!" he said.

Corinne was very white, but her eyes blazed. "The tree! Try the tree!" she said, pointing to an elm whose branches came within a long leap of the gable window sill. Lenox started at her. "The tree!" he echoed. "What could I do there?"

"Mason Fairlie will show you," Corinne interrupted. Mason had set a short ladder at the elm trunk, shot up it and was creeping and leaping toward the window. Slender boughs bent almost to snapping, stouter ones swayed perilously as he swung from one to another, but nothing stayed him. He crawled almost to the tip of the bough nearest the window, lay along it, grasped the twigs firmly with his hands stretched above his head, sprang clear of it, gave himself a swing and caught his feet firmly over the sill of the open window. Quick as lightning he caught with one hand, let go the elm and vanished within. A shout went up from those below. It died in suspended breath when a minute passed and he did not reappear.

"Smoke! They're both overcome," Grandpapa Lawson said in a dry whisper. The coachman made to follow Mason, but grandpapa waved him back. Lenox stood like a man dazed, staring hard at the window. All eyes, indeed, were on it save Jackson's. Jackson was the Fairlie butler and had come to half worship Mason. Horse blankets had been fetched so Mason might leap into them. Jackson snatched one, wet it, hung it over his head and dashed up the steps. Somehow he was sure Mason was coming down them, coming burdened with an insensible figure. When they met upon the landing, Jackson flung his blanket over all three heads and seized the rector around the waist, gasping, "Now—all—together—Mr. Mason."

Mason hardly heard. Niagara of flame seemed to roar in his ears; his heart was laboring; he had almost no breath. But down, down, he crept, never slackening his hold, clinging to Jackson as a tower of strength, but with no thought of giving up. Through an agonizing minute they fought their passage, the boards blistering their feet as the flame licked at their garments, and when at last they burst into saving outer space the stairs crumbled behind them.

"I found him helpless half way to the upper landing. I had to fetch him down—there was no time to go back," Mason explained when he had breath enough to speak. Lenox knelt beside his uncle. Corinne was sobbing upon Grandpapa Lawson's shoulder. Suddenly she wheeled and flung both arms about Mason, saying impulsively, "If only you will let me love you, I'm ready to kiss the ground you tread."

"Even though I am so short?" Mason said, looking up at her through shined eyelids. Corinne laughed happily. "You are magnificent—the greatest man in the world," she said, "and just as high as my heart."

Figure It Out For Yourself. Here is the question: The governor of Kentucky, a very mean man, desiring to give a very small dinner party, invited his father's brother-in-law, his brother's father-in-law, his father-in-law's brother-in-law and his brother-in-law's father-in-law. How many guests were there?

Here is the answer: None. The governor dined alone.

Here is the explanation: The governor was a widower, with a marriageable daughter and a marriageable sister. The governor's father was also a widower. The governor and his father married sisters. Thus the governor became his father's brother-in-law. The governor's brother married the governor's stepdaughter, thus the governor became his brother's father-in-law. The governor's father-in-law married the governor's sister, thus the governor became his father-in-law's brother-in-law. The governor's brother-in-law married the governor's daughter; thus the governor became his brother-in-law's father-in-law. The governor therefore dined alone.

ON AN ANCIENT ROAD

By LEO CRANE

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The road was narrow and crooked and but for this quarrel of the giants might have been forgotten. Grass, with an intricate pattern of daisies, grew there in the summer always, but this particular year it was supplanted by a bed of reddish yellow mud a foot deep.

The air's perfect stillness was broken only by the clutter of the water and the harsh voices of three men who toiled in the rain about a large wagon imbedded to the hubs in the yellow mud, blocking the center of the road. The big man who directed matters in a growling, hasty fashion, showing he disliked the work, watched the road turns and listened for expected sounds.

"Don't s'pose we'll evah git this dernation cart out nohow. Work up there, Hank Dawson. 'Pears to me you're tired. Don't yo' want to finish?"

"I ain't a-keerin' if it takes a week," said the thin fellow. "I got my sheer of fightin' on that hillside ten miles back, an' it don't seem's if I keer 'bout fightin' no more, it's so peaceful 'bout this danged old shack in the mud."

"Yo' nevah did hev much amount o' sand nohow," said the other nastily.

"Well, sand or no sand," snarled back the thin man, "I'm yere on a wagon mendin' train an' a-doin' my duty. I stays 'where I'm put, I does, an' nevah runs away; hence I'm nevah martialed."

"But I know people what's got belted ovah the mouth afore now."

The fellow in the blue cap straightened out and gazed wonderingly at the big man. He looked at him in much the same way as a boy at a freak.

"Yo' don't actually mean to say, Bill—yo' don't mean to say yo've been martialed, do yo'?"

The big one growled and granted an assent.

"An' fur runnin' away?"

The man granted again.

"Well, I'm hanged if I evah would hev thought it of yo'."

The big one started to correct this wrong impression.

"There they had me right afore the general," he explained. "Cap'n says the general to Boggs—Boggs were cap'n then—he were shot at South mountain right alongside o' me—Cap'n," says he to Boggs, 'what's the matter with this yere fellow?' or somethin' to that effect."

"An' Boggs says, says Boggs, 'Inattention to duty an' runned away.'"

"An' what did yo' say?" asked the blue capped man, with interest.

"What he said saved him from bein' riddled like a sieve," put in the thin one.

"An' says I: 'General, he put me to work on a wagon train helpin' repair, but Thompson's cum by heckerty split goin' into the fight, an' a fellow yelled out, 'We're goin' in to back up Long-



HE WRENCHED THE GUN FROM THE MAN'S HANDS.

street, he's gettin' wallopped!" An' I knew if they were a-walloppin' Long-street it needed men, an' I fell in behind of Thompson's, an' Thompson's ain't no slouch of a brigade neither. An' that's all there is about it, general. I cum down yere to fight, fur I could hev mended wagons back in Missouri."

"So the general says I could go, but the next time there'd be a shootin' party with me to the front, an' a plantin' party with me fur a bulb an' no prospects of a crop—an' the worst of it was he meant every word."

"So yo' are mendin' wagons again?"

"Yes, dohot it, they don't appreciate a fightin' man. Like as not they're fightin' now, an' yere as not they need fightin' men, an' like I am in the rear. Blast it, I almost wish they'd git me a good lickin' an' then they'd see the use of me, a fightin' man."

"Listen a minute."

The sound of splashing hoofs could be heard far down the road. A band of men came round the bend in the road, riding fast, the mud flying.

"Crackey that, that's Liscum. Liscum is a-comin' up."

They saluted as the mud clad men rode by. One fellow swung round in the saddle and bawled out:

"How soon kin yo' fellows git that yere wagon out?"

"She's in dern good an' hard"—began Hank.

"Well, git her out, cuz we've got to bring artillery up. It's agoin' to be a whulin' job, but git her out, dang yo', an' hurry up too. It's the only road in this section not a lake. What are yo'

waitin' fur? Do yo' spect 'em to swim ovah yo'? Yo' kin hear 'em comin'! Hurry up!"

The three men yelled and cursed and beat the sad eyed mules. They pulled and pushed at the mud covered wheels and danced around the wagon like fanatics. The din they raised was tremendous, and what they said was fierce. With a sob the mud released its hold, and they succeeded in dumping the cart into the ditch, a wreck, as a bumping, splashing battery came into view. With a great splatter of mud and a whirl of yellow water from the wheels it went bounding past.

"I'm a mind to go with 'em," said the big man. "That's Bud Riggs with that yere battery. Wish I was an artillery."

Then round the bend swung a vast body of men in tatters of gray. Grim determination was on their faces. They were going into a fight. They half ran through the slush with the swing of veterans. The booms from the valley did not affect them. A dull cloud of yellowish white smoke floated over the rounded hill, capping the shadowy forest. The gray men kept on coming, a whole brigade. A drum tapped monotonously.

"Belmont's," said Hank, "an' they're gluttons. 'Member how they took that yere battery in front of Cold Harbor? Durned if it ain't goin' to be a fight."

"Seems to me I just gotter git into it," said the big man.

"Yo' gotter fix that yere wagon."

The thin fellow said that with machine-like motion telling of past campaigns and many fights. The three lone men stood on a hillcock and reviewed. The big one looked at them longingly, enviously. His feet started to keep time with the tramp of the legion. Just then a weak looking fellow staggered out by the roadside and rested. The big one looked at him with a sort of contempt.

"We've been on the run since day-break," explained the man, noticing the look.

"An' yo're goin' to stop runnin' now? Giv' me that 'ere gun," demanded the great, tall fellow. "If yo' ain't agoin' to fight, giv' me the gun. Belmont's needs every man in the country. Giv' me the gun, hang yo'!" He wrenched it from the man's hands and fell in with a ragged rank. His shoulders bobbed up and down, and with a satisfied air he started to sing:

"If you git there afore I do,"

Why, tell 'em I'm a-comin' too."

"Yo' gotter fix this yere wagon," came from the roadside, a faint echo that died away and was lost in the noise of splashing feet and the murmur of the throng.

All day long the booming continued, and the cloud of yellowish smoke hung like a cloak over the round topped hill. When a breeze blew, it did not seem to stir it. At times the rattle and noise of guns would rise to a shrieking din. It seemed as if a legion of clamorous fiends infernal were battering at the gates of fairyland. The sound of the fearful struggle floated out over the peaceful valley where the wild grasses and flowers were awed and still. The trees ceased to rustle in the air, and the birds hid in terror. The sun appeared to aid the battle with its dull red disk shining through the mist.

The thin man and the soldier in the fatigue cap were still at work on the broken wagon. They occasionally talked with wounded who straggled down the muddy road in search of peace and quiet. A creeping figure drew their attention, a great man covered with mud and with a blackened face. He seated himself in the wet grass by the fence, and something that was also wet dribbled from his sleeve and stained the green.

"Well, yo've cum back, hev yo'?" asked the thin man.

"Boys," said Bill, his face all puckered and drawn, "we're gittin' licked back there. Belmont's is a thing of the past—wiped out. It were a fight of a century. Liscum's dead—an' I've cum back, boys"—He feebly wiped a splotch of blackened crimson from his lips and choked. "I've cum back so they couldn't hev it on me—not that I keered so much—fur I cum down yere to fight. I could hev mended wagons back in Missouri."

And the retreating troops that night overlooked a great hulking shape in the wet grass. One man fell over it, but said nothing—did not even curse. A bright flower bloomed near it, a solitary cricket sang a requiem, and the place was full of peace.

Fox, Hawk and Cat.

Foxes are not easily domesticated. They are distrustful creatures and always pine for freedom, but in rare instances reynard loses his wildness and responds after a fashion of his own to human kindness. Of such a one a daily paper tells a pretty story.

Ned is a tame fox so well trained and of such good intentions that he will not touch any of the poultry on the place. Chickens feed near his box, and he acts as if he liked their society. Doubtless they serve to render his confinement less irksome.

One morning recently a large chicken hawk swooped down and caught a chicken close to the box where the fox is chained. Ned, hearing the noise, sprang out and caught the hawk by the leg. The bird released the chicken and settled its free claw deep into the fox's nose. Reynard squealed, but he hung to the hawk's leg.

At this moment a cat that had become attached to the fox heard Ned's cries of pain, and rushing out she sprang upon the hawk and clawed its back. That made the hawk let go the fox's nose very suddenly to protect itself from this new foe. It tried to claw the cat, and while thus engaged the fox set his teeth into its head and shook the life out of it.

Soon after this Ned and the cat were seen lying down side by side in great amity and contentment.

REDHORN'S TENDERFOOT

By Charles Lee Taylor

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Redhorn was a tough town. Half a dozen "terrors" among its highly picturesque population stood ready to shoot at the drop of the hat, and as many more professional blacklegs and gamblers were handy with their guns. It was a dull day when a killing was not reported and an off week that did not chronicle a lynching.

Redhorn accepted strangers on probation—that is, the new man was given twenty-four hours in which to show that he could drink, fight and lose his outfit at faro without taking it to heart. If he did not affiliate with "the gang," he received a notice somewhat to this effect:

"See yere, you pious souled, psalm singing, knockkneed jack rabbit of a critter, this ain't your town, and you'd better move on if you don't want to be planted up thar on the hill among the snakes. You've got two hours to kiss your mother goodby and git."

At long intervals a tenderfoot, a man so fresh from the states that he still used a toothbrush and a cake of soap and who had never knifed a fellow being, showed up at Redhorn and was struck dumb at its wickedness. If he was simply "going somewhere," he was permitted to remain long enough to refresh the inner man and then was sternly ordered on. Redhorn preferred to assimilate citizens of its own selection.

One morning the cry was passed along the line, "Tenderfoot in town," and the gang sauntered up street to size up the latest arrival from civilization.

He sat on the steps of the Oriental hotel, a womanish chap with a smooth face and honest blue eyes that scanned the crowd of toughs unflinchingly, almost humorously. He smoked placidly for a minute or two, then, removing his pipe, inquired quietly, "Anything I can do for you, gentlemen?"

The gang collectively and individually snorted and the fun commenced. They moved down on the newcomer and shot the pipe from his mouth, the hat off his head and the heels off his boots. They had expected to see him slide off the steps and break for the hills when the first bullet whistled through his hair, but he didn't move. He sat there until the fusillade had ceased and the jokers were wondering if he was not an old hand in disguise and then quietly said, "Much obliged for your welcome; it's as good as bringing out a brass band."

The crowd held a brief consultation. It was agreed that he had nerve, but that he would never make a bad man—



THE GAMBLER CAME FORWARD WITH A NOOKED HOPE IN HIS HAND.

not bad enough to become an eminent citizen of Redhorn. Jim Kelso acted as spokesman, and his sincerity could not be doubted.

"I hear yo'," replied the tenderfoot when Jim paused; then he dropped his chin on his hands and stared at a distant mountain peak, apparently oblivious of his surrounding. It was not until the hour of grace had gone by and a crowd gathered again that he awoke and looked about him.

"You can't say that we didn't give you a fair deal," observed Joe Lobdell, the gambler, as he came forward with a noosed rope in his hands. "You had an hour in which to git, and as you didn't go we concluded that you want to be planted here. If you've any farewell words to shoot off, you might give 'em to us."

"I'm going to see how many real men there are in Redhorn," replied the stranger as he stood up. "You are three hundred to one, and every one of you has a gun, and you've turned out this morning to do a brave thing. As I was tramping over here from Hunt's valley I heard that the Apaches were loose again and headed this way. At Beaver Bend I come across a settler's family camped out in the wagon. The man has a broken leg, and his wife and four children are almost helpless. I'm giving you straight talk when I tell you that I walked all night to get here and head a crowd back to save that outfit. They'll be meat for the Apaches and wolves before this hour tomorrow unless some of you will go with me to lynch 'em in. How many of you can I count on?"

Not a voice answered. The Apaches had raided down close to Redhorn three or four times, but the soldiers had always been sent for to drive them back.

"Mighty brave about turning out to

a picnic," smiled the stranger. "But you don't seem to want to run into any danger. Are there ten men here who will follow me?"

No one replied.

"Well, I'll take five, then."

The crowd was silent.

"Isn't there one single man in Redhorn with grit enough to go back with me to that defenseless outfit?" continued the tenderfoot.

"Say, boys," said the gambler leader, a sickly smile on his face, "this looks as if we were short of sand in this town. I'm not hankering after Apaches, but I've got a Winchester and 300 cartridges, and if any galoot wants to become a hero I'll lend him the outfit."

Not a man took advantage of the offer. The crowd growled, muttered and dissolved, and only half a dozen were left when Joe Lobdell continued:

"Look here, tenderfoot, you've thrown Redhorn down and thrown it hard, but for one I don't bear no grudge. I see you're determined on going back to the settler, and durn me if I'll see you go with only a club in your hands. Take my outfit, and if you never bring it back I shan't have a word to say, but we prefer to die with our scalps on. We don't warm up on the Injun business worth a cent. Hold on a minute while I bring you the rifle."

The Winchester was no sooner in the tenderfoot's hands than he started back over the trail without a word to any man or a look around him, and Redhorn saw him no more for four days. Then the settler and his family were brought in by the soldiers, and in an ambulance was the body of the tenderfoot, riddled with bullets.

"You want to know how it was?" said the settler's wife as a crowd gathered. "Well, all I can tell you is that he reached us two hours before the Apaches did, and we had a bit of time to get ready in. For two days he stood off thirty warriors single handed and was wounded a dozen times. He had fired his last bullet when the soldiers came up. He was a man, he was."

"And Redhorn will give him a burial and turn out to the last man!" exclaimed Lobdell, the gambler, reverently touching his Winchester, which had seen such valiant service.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," replied the captain in command of the soldiers. "We shall take him down to the valley and give him a soldier's burial. He'd turn over in his grave here among so many cowards!"

Queer Japanese Beliefs.

The Japanese believe in more mythical creatures than any other people on the globe, civilized or savage. Among these are mythical animals without any remarkable peculiarities of conformation, but gifted with supernatural attributes, such as the tiger which is said to turn as white as a polar bear on the date of his one thousandth birthday. They also believe in a species of fox which if he lives to be fifty ears old without having been chased by a dog transforms itself into a beautiful woman. This same fox, if he can manage to live for a century, gains additional powers, such as becoming a wonderful wizard, etc. When he lives to be 1,000 years old, he becomes a "celestial fox," with nine golden tails, and has the power of going to heaven and returning whenever he chooses.

These Japs also believe in a multitude of animals distinguished by their monstrous size or by the multiplication of their numbers. Among these are serpents 800 feet long and large enough to swallow an elephant, boxes with eight legs, monkeys with four ears and seven tails; fishes with ten heads attached to one body, the flesh of this last monster being a sure cure for boils, bites of poisonous serpents, hydrophobia, etc.

She Was Thankful.

Not long ago a clergyman in the course of ministrations among the poor of a large provincial town called on an old lady who had been bedridden for some years.

"Well, Mrs. Davies," he said, "and how are you today?"

"Oh, I'm pretty well, thank you, sir," was the cheerful answer.

"Ah, that's right," responded the clergyman sympathetically. "I hardly expected you to be in such good spirits, with all your afflictions. I was afraid I should find you downhearted."

"No, no, sir," she cried, interrupting him; "no, no, indeed, sir. I've much to be thankful for, I have. Why, only the other night when that house just opposite was on fire I couldn't help thinking of all the poor people crushing each other in the street and many of them not getting a sight of the fire at all, while here was I, all nice and comfortable in bed, and I could see it beautifully through my window without even turning over! No, no; I've a lot to be thankful for!"—Pearson's.

Ensilage.

Ensilage means a certain method of preserving green fodder and is also applied to the fodder itself when so preserved.

Any green crop may be treated, but it must be sown so as to be in blossom before frosts. A pit called a "silo" is prepared, with solid walls and floor of stone or cement. The fodder is gathered and cut up while green and then dumped into the silo. Salt is added in the proportion of a bushel to every ten or fifteen tons of the fodder. A heavy board is placed over the fodder when the pit is full and is weighted down with rocks, sand bags or grain bags until the pressure is about 150 pounds to the square foot.

The silo must be water tight and airtight, and thus the fodder is preserved in its green condition until it is wanted—say, in November or December, when it is taken out of a door at the end of the silo and fed to cattle, a hayknife being used to cut out such a quantity as may be needed each time.—New York Press.



With a growing demand for registered cattle, inquiries in regard to the process of registration become more frequent. In the main the requirements of all the record associations are the same. The breeder is required to pay a small fee to the secretary and fill out certain blank forms showing the sire and dam of the animal and sometimes the grandsires and granddams also, the time of calving, etc. Some associations provide a time penalty for registration, so that neglect to register promptly increases the amount of the registration fee. The general rule for eligibility is that both the sire and dam of the animal must have been registered. In some instances proof of pedigree of parents that were unregistered has been allowed. In the original establishment of the herdbooks various minor rules were adopted, but five top crosses have been usually regarded as necessary to produce a full blood. In the herdbooks the animals are numbered as received, and the number as well as the name serves to identify them. By some associations the cows and bulls are numbered separately, but others make no distinction of sex. The names of families are usually given by the females which have shown special merit, but in the case of Herefords the sire not infrequently gives the family name, and breedings are traced to Old Anxiety, Earl of Shadeland, Lord Wilton and other sires.

Shorthorn Cow Ruberta.

The center of attraction at many state fairs of the middle west this fall was this handsome Shorthorn cow,



PRIZE SHORTHORN.

winning first prizes over all others at leading exhibits, says American Agriculturist. Ruberta is now a part of the herd owned by Colonel G. M. Casey, of Missouri.

Successful Breeding.

We have great faith in the success of the method which commences with only a few foundation females, which purchases no more of these and which makes improvement in that herd and maintains the same by introducing good males from time to time. The great advantages in favor of this system are that it does not involve very much outlay and therefore is not attended with the hazard that is always more or less incurred in buying and selling again. The breeder who proceeds on the lines which we now advocate is almost certain to succeed. A striking illustration of this method is furnished by Walter Lynch of Westbourne, Man. Some thirty years ago Mr. Lynch purchased one pure bred Shorthorn cow of miscellaneous lineage. Since that he has purchased no females, but has introduced from time to time good bulls, possessed of fine individuality, but not remarkable for their being possessed of fashionable pedigrees. Recently Mr. Lynch held a dispersion sale and received

STRATEGY WINS IN FOOTBALL

Time Has Worked Changes In Different Plays

Modern Gridiron Battles Are Fought With Brain

Importance Attached to the "Attack on Center"

The spirit of the great Napoleon, conqueror of Europe, hovers over the American football gridiron today.

Those beautiful military tactics which were practiced by the greatest general of all ages are the ideal of the escent American football experts.

Whether they know it or not, these men, whose brains have evolved the cities of up to date football, have followed closely the fighting ideas of the lebrated first consul. The most modern and effective system of attack in otball bears a singular and striking milarity to the great strategic principle that guided the armies of Napoleon victory.

Now that the annual football furor here and at the call to arms the

A great deal of discussion has been aroused this year by the changes in the rules made by the intercollegiate committee. The chief objection is that the committee considers itself in duty bound to make at least half a dozen or more alterations in each season whether or not they are particularly needed. And the complaint is well founded.

The changes this year have recently been commented on by Frank Butterworth, the former Yale halfback and one of the "greatest football players America has ever produced. He says: "This thing of making the game more intricate puts a premium on weight and stupidity. The game has come to the stage where players are mere cogs in a piece of machinery, with no chance to exercise any individuality. I believe in team work, but in that team work which is the result of individual excellence and intelligence.

"Take a slashing fullback coming from a school to a college where he is made to play fullback, end and everything else as part of a machine and as a machine, and what chance does he have to show individual worth? All he has learned at school he has to lay aside for the new teachings.

"Again, the tendency toward having a human machine without individuality keeps a player from becoming thoroughly versed in playing his own position, which is the foundation of the game. Give me a team made up of men who know how to play their positions and have opportunities to mix in individually with their team work and I will show you a team that can be made to whip the best team of heavyweights who are taught to sink their individuality that ever was turned out."

Captain George Chadwick, who leads Yale's football forces this fall, is twenty-one years old. He weighs 160 pounds and is about 5 feet 10 inches tall. His home is in Brooklyn. He is a brother of Charles Chadwick, Yale's

the soldiers and sailors at West and Annapolis recognize it, too, working from it as a basic principle, apply their trained minds to the solution of the problems of the gridiron.

seemingly strange statements in the opening paragraphs can conclusively demonstrated by analysis and comparison.

napoleon concentrated his 300 or e pieces of heavy artillery and used his main attack on the center the opposing armies, and when he cut the forces of the enemy in half sufficiently weakened the center he t his regiments of light infantry, ported by flying columns of caval to turn the flanks.

is was one of his grand principles battle, and this was how he annihilated the armies of Europe.

uph Napoleon Emerson in his immensity on Walden says of his military tactics: "On the main point he concentrated squadron on squadron in wheeling numbers until it was pt out of existence. On the hostile tion he rained a torrent of ironls, balls and grapeshot to annihilate defense.

"The art of war was the game in ch he exercised his arithmetic. t consisted, according to him, in ing always more forces than the y on the point where the enemy tacked or where he attacks, and whole talent is strained by endless ever and evolution to destroy the ay's forces in detail."

st year Harvard boasted one of strongest eleven that ever graced idiron.

r system was the highest developet yet attained in the most modern diple of attack, for it more nearly eaked than any other the great oleonic idea.

r "heavy artillery" was the celeated "triple tandem play" and it used to force and overwhelm the sing center.

r "light infantry and flying carv" were her fast backs, who flanked ackles and ends when the center cut to pieces, thereby weakening disconcerting the end defense.

r "endless maneuver and evolu-to destroy the enemy in detail" the variation of the attacks on r, and ends.

r "art in having more forces than nemy on the point where the ene attacked" was what is known in all as "strategic disguise," the miment of the exact point of at-

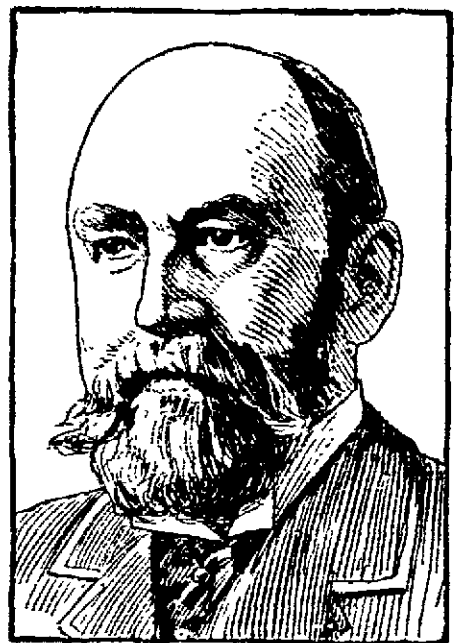
R. KEENE SAYS BETTING Hurts RACING.

Declares That Horsemen Should Be Run For Sport, Not Gambling.

James R. Keene, vice chairman of the Jockey club, declares that in his opinion there is too much gambling and too little sentiment in connection with racing in America.

In heavy speculation on horses, he says, there is a menace to the best interests of the turf, and that race courses should be places of recreation and not seething cauldrons of money mad gamblers; horse racing should be a sport and not a business.

If there is one man on the turf who loves a horse, it is James R. Keene. Where a thoroughbred is concerned he is as tender as a woman and just as



JAMES R. KEENE. sentimental. Everybody familiar with the turf knows that this was shown in the case of Domino.

Mr. Keene says:

"I am sorry to see the sordid desire to triumph in the betting ring overcome the ambition to excel on the course. We have too many men in racing as a business. When a man acquires a strong stable for betting purposes, he does not begin to taste of the sweets of racing.

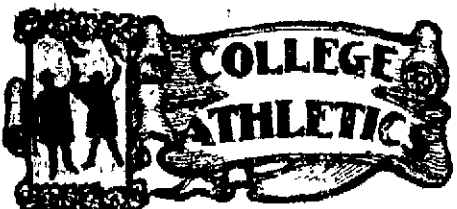
"A cheap selling race has to him the same significance as the winning of one of the great classics.

"The third rate horseman, who is more or less a gambler, is in racing for the money there is in it. When a man supported by a high class stable and a ready bank account sets out to make a business of his racing and when he sums up his summer diversion in proportion to the total of his profit and loss account, then it becomes a serious matter. The plunger owner is exploited, and his fame falsely reflects the spirit of the sport. This unwholesome tendency among owners is what leads to unpleasant results. They become prone to the habit of running to get weight off, with a view to insure a good price and a lighter allotment for a future race and prospective coup.

"Every man should breed his own horses. We want men who are content to race for the purses and the gratification of seeing their horses win. We want owners who are willing to incur big forfeits and pay them out of stakes and purses their horses may win, if possible, or out of their pockets without demurring, if necessary.

"It is not correct for a thorough sportsman to indulge in betting. It is an English observance, founded on good principle. It may be all right for an owner to back his nomination for a moderate amount in a big race, but will he stop there? We should leave the gambling exclusively to the gamblers. I do not believe in aping the English, but there are many owners on the other side who never make a bet. They might be emulated here. It would ennoble the sport. It ought to be that a horse representing the stable of a gentleman may be backed by all sections of the public without questions as to its fitness arising. The mere fact that the horse is to start should be a sufficient guarantee that he is fit and has a chance."

Quaker Basket Ball League. Fred M. Roberts, the new Duquesne manager, formerly manager of the Allegheny basket ball team, is organizing a Pennsylvania basket ball league Steubenville, Butler, Carnegie, Homestead, D. C. and A. C. and Indiana will make up the circuit. The season will open about Dec. 15. Each team will play one game in every town of the league during the winter. As these teams were very evenly matched last winter, the league should be a success.



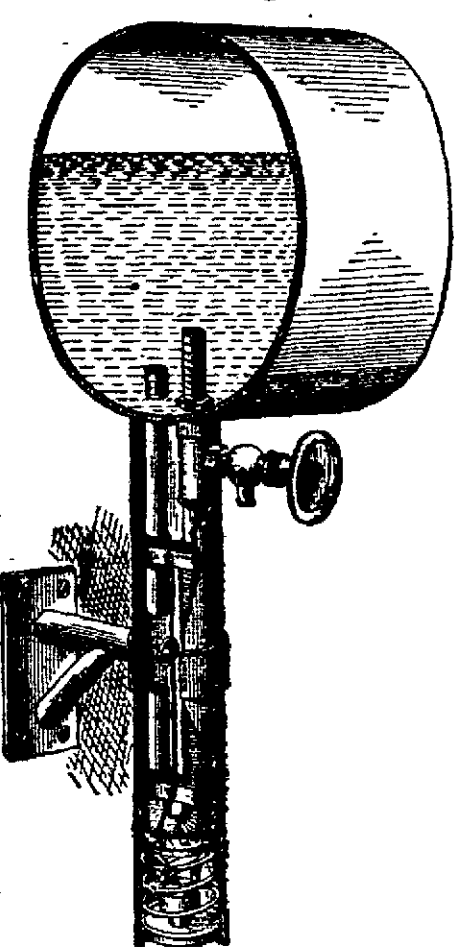
The rowing authorities of Yale are beginning early with their plans for turning out a varsity crew in 1903. Information has been received from Captain Waterman of Detroit, who is now at the university and has set the promising candidates in the entering class to work for the fall regatta.

Captain Waterman will retain John A. Kennedy, the veteran professional oarsman, as coach. The custom of having a young alumnus and former oarsman at Yale for nominal head coach will be followed the coming season, and it is believed that Philip H. Kunzig, captain of last year's crew, will be installed in the place.

Of last year's crew, Captain Waterman, bow; Coffin, No. 2; Daly, No. 3; Judson, No. 4; Cross, No. 7, and Bogue, stroke, will return.



For persons desiring a quantity of hot water on short notice the water heater now described will prove particularly valuable, though it will be found useful on all occasions requiring hot water, says a writer in the Scientific American. The device is designed to rapidly heat flowing water or if used in connection with a reservoir to heat water circulating therefrom and thus store up a quantity of hot water. The reservoir or water tank is provided with two pipes connected at their lower ends by a U shaped coupling. One of these pipes, which is provided with means for heating the water con-



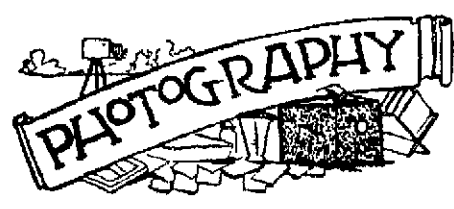
ELECTRIC WATER HEATER.

tained therein, is longer than the other pipe, so that as the water is heated it will flow to a higher level in the tank and the cooler water will pass down through the shorter pipe, thus keeping up a circulation. A discharge cock is connected with the hot water pipe, through which the water may be drawn off as required.

The heating device consists of a fine wire wound in coils about the pipe, the latter being covered with an insulating coat of mica or other equivalent insulating substance. The wire offers a high resistance to the electric current passed through it, and sufficient heat is thus generated to heat the water. The heat of the wire cannot rise much beyond that of the pipe because of the continuous circulation of water, so that no fear may be entertained of burning out the wire. The circuit can be closed or opened by operating the plug at the bottom of the device, which is adapted to slide between two spring contact pieces forming the terminals of the heating medium.

Electricity and Agriculture. An important paper has recently been published by Dr. Selim Lemstrom of Helsinki on the use of electricity as a plant fertilizer. His experiments show that for plants growing on arable land of medium quality an increase of 45 per cent in the crops is obtainable. The better the field is tilled the greater is the increase. On poor soil the effect is trifling. Certain plants, such as peas, cabbages and turnips, do not respond to electrical treatment until after being watered. Electricity applied when the sun is shining strongly is almost invariably injurious.

Value of Canned Goods. The fruits and vegetables canned and preserved each year in the United States have a value of more than \$45,000,000. The number of pounds of tomatoes canned is double that of the corn. Of fruits canned peaches stand first in value, being \$4,500,000. The plebeian pumpkin is canned to the value of more than \$200,000.



In mounting ferrotype prints many amateurs succeed in getting paste all over the surface of the picture. Of course the glass is removed whenever the paste sticks and the result is anything but a neat photograph. The evil is generally due to carelessness, but sometimes the method of doing the pasting is at fault, says the Brooklyn Daily Eagle. Occasionally the pasting is done on glass and the different prints of the same size are supposed to be placed in the same position, but invariably one print is a little larger than the rest or it is not placed just right and the edges are covered with paste, or perhaps the glass is cleaned off each time, but not thoroughly dried.

There is a simple and quick way of mounting dry prints which leaves no excuse for anything but clean work. Take a newspaper and trim the folded edges on the cutter or with the scissors. Then paste one print on each sheet of paper, being careful to hold it down firmly so that it cannot slip on to the pasted portion. In this way each sheet is thrown away as soon as used and there is no paste around in the way.

Of course care must be taken not to touch the glossy surface of the print with the same fingers used to hold it down while pasting.

UNIQUE LIFE PRESERVER.

Will Sustain a Shipwrecked Man in More Ways Than One.

Two inventors in Switzerland have designed a life preserver which not only prevents drowning, but will also sustain life for an indefinite period, and, further, is equipped with a sail by means of which a shipwrecked person may make his way to a passing vessel or eventually reach shore.

According to a writer in the Scientific American, a hollow tank fastened to the back serves to keep the person afloat, and a provision and drink chamber is fitted on the chest. This chamber is divided into three compartments, the lowest containing drinking water, the next an alcoholic stimulant and the third serving as an air chamber to support this weight. Access to the wa-



LIFE PRESERVER IN USE.

ter and stimulants may be had through tubes which lead up within easy reach of the mouth. Condensed food is carried in three tins on the top of the water tank.

A compass also is here secured, to which may be fastened a chart of the course the wrecked vessel was pursuing. A number of blank cartridges and a pistol are also provided for use in attracting attention, and a signal of distress floats from the masthead. Surely the shipwrecked mariner thus equipped need have little fear of old Father Neptune.

Color Making Bacteria.

The micro-organisms are interesting out of all proportion to their size, and not the least interesting phase of their existence is that described in an article in La Nature by Henry Coupin. M. Coupin treats especially of the coloring matters produced by bacteria, some of which are noteworthy for their brilliancy and others for their chemical or physiological peculiarities.



The medical profession of the middle west has been startled by the announcement authorized by the Indiana Society of Physicians and Surgeons that Dr. C. W. Littlefield, one of its most prominent members, a physician of central Indiana, has discovered what may later be proved to be one of the vital principles of life and life's maintenance. Dr. Littlefield asserts that life, contrary to general belief, is not dependent on organic function, but may be infused into organized bodies after the organs have entirely ceased to perform their usual functions.

He asserts that he has demonstrated by actual experiment the truth of his declarations, and his announcement is indorsed by the conservative approval of the Indiana Medical society, before many of whose members several of the experiments have been conducted. The secret of life, the doctor says, is volatile magnetism. It is omnipresent and saturates the atmosphere. This magnetism is controlled by the act of respiration and is retained in the organism by the various mineral components normal to the composition of the body.

In demonstrating his theory Dr. Littlefield makes use of a light salt solution saturated with oil of the body. The compound is allowed to stand exposed in an atmosphere of free ammonia. Just such condition, he asserts, as this induces exists in the healthy and normal body so long as cell building and cell destruction are carried on and the lungs continue to perform their regular office.

In the resurrection of the dead insects and animals on which the physician has operated a powder derived from this magnetic chemical fluid has been employed. The animals or insects first of all are either drowned or chloroformed or subjected to some other form of asphyxiation.

After all signs of life have ceased and after all heat has left the bodies and rigor mortis has asserted itself, but before decay and decomposition have set in, the subjects are placed on a warm plate or cloth heated to a temperature corresponding to the normal heat of a living body. This accomplished, the doctor covers the body entirely with the powder. Signs of life generally show within three or four minutes following this treatment, the length of time requisite varying with the length of time that has elapsed after death resulted.

Animals also have been killed by electricity and have given a similar response to the treatment, even after all signs of life have been absent for three or four hours.

Within half a dozen minutes after the first signs of reviving have appeared the animal displays indications of a normal condition. Half an hour later, to all appearances, the subject is in quite as healthy a condition as before its life was taken.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION

"In my day," remarked Mrs. Old-time, "girls were taught the art of conversation just as they were embroidery or any other womanly accomplishment."

Her friend, Mrs. Updote, nodded approvingly, with the experience born of successful entertaining. "Give me a girl who can talk!" she remarked.

"But half of them don't know how to talk nowadays," persisted Mrs. Old-time. "That's just the trouble; conversation is becoming a lost art."

"You wouldn't have thought so if you had heard Mrs. Chatterly at my tea."

"I understood that for nearly half an hour she held the floor and that no one else could get a word in."

"Yes. When she had to stop to take breath, she said 'and' or 'but,' and, of



course, people had to wait to hear the rest."

"Why didn't you match her against some one of her own strength?"

"Oh, well, Providence took pity on us and that old Miss Gossipy prodded in. Within five minutes they were watching for each other's breaths, so to speak, and we left them in a corner to fight it out."

"When I was young, girls could quote poetry very prettily."

"Yes, and what an awful bore it must have been!"

"Better than hearing debutantes reel off cheap cynicisms and so called 'smart' sayings!"

"Yes, we're overdoing the word 'smart.' Every one is trying to be that, but some only succeed in being hysterical."

"The men like that sort of thing."

"They're getting tired of it. One of them said to me the other night: 'Do you know, Mrs. Updote, I wish you would put me next to a girl at dinner who will talk in a sort of smooth, gliding, sirupy sort of way without any particular attempt at saying anything. It sort of soothes a man's nerves after a hard day, while the other kind, who sit up very straight and let off a perfect string of intellectual firecrackers at once, make you feel like telling them to sit back and not earn their dinner so hard!'"

"You see, as a rule very young girls and inexperienced persons are afraid of pauses in the conversation."

"Yes, and that's where almost all the Malaprop sayings have started. People have said the first thing that came into their brains—anything to fill the breach."

"What do you consider the worst conversational bores?"

"First and foremost the people who interrupt, second the people who won't let any one else have a chance, then the ones who tell long stories without any point; who talk only about themselves; who goggle at every other phrase; who never have anything to say when a third person comes around; who skip from one subject to another, giving you the impression that you are taking fences in a breakneck cross country chase; who discuss their domestic affairs, the children, the servants, etc.; who ask one stream of questions, and, last, but not least, the worst of all—those whose sole form of wit consists in making fun of the peculiarities of others."

"And the good conversationalist, who is she?"

"The woman who not only knows how to talk, but when to talk; who can both start a subject and follow some one else's lead; who can discuss philosophy with Professor Dryasdust one minute and chit-chat the next with Flossie Featherbrain, but who never by any chance will discuss the wrong subject with the wrong person or at the wrong time; the woman who avoids personalities as much as possible and then only brings them in as an excuse for saying charming and amiable things, and, above all, she who brings out the fine points of each person's mind."

MAUD ROBINSON.

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and Members.

YAK CASTLE, NO. 4, K. G. E.

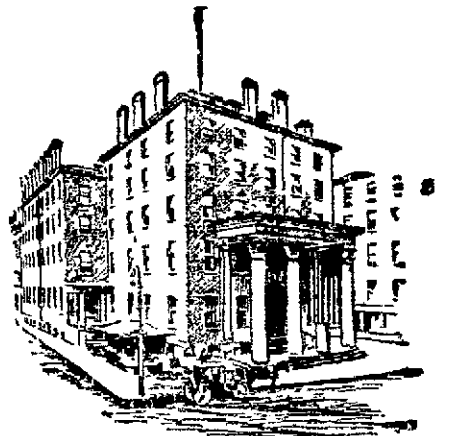
Meets at Hall, Peirce Block, High St. Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Officers—A. L. Phinney, Past Chief; Charles C. Charles, Noble Chief; Fred Heiser, Vice Chief; William Hampshire, High Priest; Frank H. Meloon, Venerable Hermit; George P. Knight, Sir Herald; Samuel E. Gardner, M. of R.; Fred Gardner, K. of E.; C. W. Hanscom, C. of E.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 8, O. U. A. M.

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First and Third Thursday of each Month. Officers—C. W. Hanscom, Councilor; John Hooper, Vice Councilor; William P. Gardner, Senior Ex-Councilor; Charles Allen, Junior Ex-Councilor; Frank Pike, Recording Secretary; Frank Langley, Financial Secretary; Joseph W. Marden, Treasurer; Chester E. Odiorne, Inductor; George Kimball, Examiner; Arthur Jenness, Inside Protector; George Kay, Outside Protector; Trustees, Harry Hersum, Edward Clapp, W. P. Gardner.

THE REVERE HOUSE



Bowdoin Square, Boston,

HAS FOR YEARS BEEN THE LEADING HOTEL IN BOSTON. IT HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY RENOVATED BY THE NEW MANAGEMENT.

C. L. Yorke & Co.

ALSO PROPRIETORS

BOSTON TAVERN

FIREPROOF.

Rooms from \$1.00 Up

Old India Pale Ale

Homstead Ale

AND Nourishing Stout

Are specially brewed and bottled by

THE FRANK JONES

Brewing Co.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Ask your dealer or them.

BOTTLED IN PINTS AND QUARTS

The Best Spring Tonic

on the Market.

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC,
OCTOBER 23.

For 1902.....12:15 Moon rises, 12:36 A. M.
Set sets, 10:44 Full sea, 10:45 P. M.
Lunar day, 10:25

New Moon, Oct. 23, 14m, morning, E.
First Quarter, Nov. 6th, 7h, 30m, morning, E.
Full Moon, Nov. 19th, 12m, evening, E.
Last Quarter, Nov. 23d, 5h, 45m, morning, E.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Washington, Oct. 27.—Forecast for New England: Rain Tuesday and in eastern Maine Wednesday; fresh to brisk southeast winds, increasing on the south coast.

MUSIC HALL BOX OFFICE HOURS.

Open 7:30 to 9:00 a. m., 12:30 to 2. 5 to 6, and 7 to 8 p. m., three days in advance of each attraction. Tickets may be ordered by calling Telephone No. 372.



TUESDAY, OCT. 23, 1902.

CITY BRIEFS.

Football seems to overshadow politics.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

The board of registrars are in session at the city building today.

Traveling men who visit this city report excellent trade conditions.

Neither the fishermen nor the hunters have had the best of fortune this fall.

Don't forget the dance of the season, Sagamore Engine company, Oct. 31, at Peirce hall.

The famous Woods Brothers basketball team is likely to be reorganized the coming winter.

Mr. Hale's dancing class for adults will meet in Conservatory hall this (Tuesday) evening at 8 o'clock.

According to Leavitt's almanac, November will be a rough month, with lots of snow and rain alternating.

"A dose in time saves lives." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, nature's remedy for coughs, colds, pulmonary diseases of every sort.

The friends of Augustus Barr are eating game this week, that gentleman having recently returned from an extended gunning trip.

The summer cottage of Charles H. Magraw, situated on the shore of the Piscataqua river in Newington, is having a large extension built on.

The comparatively few people who visit the places of resort about town makes it evident that nearly everyone who can stays at home in the evening.

C. E. Walker and Co., sell coal of the best quality, carefully screened. All orders promptly attended to. Office corner State and Water streets. Telephone 152-2.

The ladies are cordially invited to attend the second annual dancing assembly of the Sagamore Engine company, to be held in Peirce hall the evening of October 31.

The best thing out, Striking Bag and Platform complete, \$4.50, \$5.95, \$6.95 at W. F. and C. E. Woods, 18 Congress street. It is new, call and try it.

There are still many hunters in the woods and many going in. The hunting is hardly as good as it was, as the woods are more dry, and hunters make more noise in working through the growth. There has been no snow yet, and the first fall will probably be accompanied by big killings.

One may write convincingly without using extravagant adjectives. People nowadays do not expect to get the best of everything at prices lower than the cheapest grade of goods are sold. Extravagant offers in advertisements are regarded by intelligent readers with decided disfavor.—Printers' Ink.

STILL DOING SEWER WORK.

In spite of the vote of the board of aldermen at their last session to stop work on all sewers other than the Sagamore avenue sewer, Mayor Pender has ordered Street Commissioner Willey to complete the Kent street sewer.

WELL ATTENDED DANCE.

The Conservatory club held another of its enjoyable dances in Conservatory hall on Monday evening, with the usual good sized crowd in attendance. Miss Henderson presided at the piano.

VERY HEAVY.

Freight business on the York Harbor and Beach railroad is very heavy at present, people getting ready for the winter closing of the road.

TROUBLE AT CITY BUILDING.

Mayor Pender and Majority of Board of Aldermen Cannot Agree.

There is a pretty row on in the city government between Mayor Pender and some of the aldermen and as a result the taxpayers will, as usual, be the ones to suffer.

At the last meeting of the city government adjournment was made until Nov. 6. On Nov. 4 some of the city's notes become due and Mayor Pender is anxious for a special meeting to look after the same and also provide a voting place for ward five on election day.

He accordingly sent out notices on Monday afternoon calling for a special meeting at city hall this morning at eight o'clock.

At eight o'clock this morning Mayor Pender was on hand, but finding only the ward one alderman present, was forced to adjourn for lack of quorum.

One of the aldermen who was absent at this morning's meeting was seen and asked about the trouble. Said he: "When we adjourned last meeting it was for four weeks. As there was no quorum present the motion was not binding. Section 17 of the city by-laws says: 'The regular meetings of the city council shall be on Thursday evening of each week until otherwise ordered. Now five members of the present board of aldermen have petitioned Mayor Pender in vain for a regular meeting of the board. If Mayor Pender cannot trust five members of his board in regular session it is time that a few more of us resigned."

"We are ready to do the business of the city in a business-like way, namely in a regular meeting of the board of aldermen. If Mayor Pender wants to do business, Thursday evening is a regular meeting night of the board and he will find a quorum present."

"The trouble is His Honor is afraid that the Sagamore avenue sewer matter will be brought up again and he don't want a regular meeting until the sewer is completed."

SUPERIOR COURT.

The criminal case of State vs. Joseph Possenny and State vs. Joseph Moulton, begun in superior court on Monday afternoon, was completed this morning and given to the jury at 11:30.

Moulton and Possenny were the two pickpockets who abstracted the watch of Joseph Holmes from his pocket in this city on Veteran Fireman's day.

Both pleaded not guilty, Moulton being defended by S. Peter Emery and Possenny by George F. Parker. County Solicitor Kelley looked after the state's case. After being out twenty minutes the jury returned a verdict of guilty in both instances. Moulton received a sentence of not less than two and a half or more than three years in state prison while Possenny, who is under sixteen years of age, will go to the reform school during his minority.

In the appeal cases of State vs. Daniel Hayes, proprietor of the "Jim Blaine" house in Rye, the respondent settled by paying over to Clerk Knight the sum of \$200.

In the case of State vs. Ellen Babiniaux and State vs. Joseph Dumont, charged with keeping a disorderly house in Salem, both respondents pleaded guilty and were each sentenced to six months in jail. In this case it was brought out that the couple had seven children under their care, the eldest of whom was fifteen years of age. Frequently all the children had been pined with liquor by the parents and made intoxicated. The children will be placed in some home.

GOLDEN RULE CIRCLE.

At the meeting of the Golden Rule circle, King's Daughters, of the Middle street church, held in the chapel

on Monday evening, Miss Fannie M. Shannon was elected secretary and Miss Fannie Chapman treasurer. It was voted to give a baked bean supper in November.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

The Detroit was docked at Boston Monday morning.

Work on the new quay wall will not be carried on during the winter.

The old boilers taken from the Raleigh and stored on the dock are receiving a coat of zinc paint.

George O'Donnell, fireman on the ferryboat 132, is absent from his duties on account of sickness.

Another year or so will no doubt see many changes along the water front and more docking room at the yard.

In the steam engineering machine shop on Monday evening, work was continued up to ten o'clock, on account of a rush order.

Chief Gunner Patrick Lynch, U. S. N., who has been attached to this yard for the past three years, has been assigned to the Raleigh.

Gunner Gaston D. Johnstone, U. S. N., who reported at this yard Saturday and was assigned to the Raleigh, has had his orders revoked.

The U. S. S. Machias sailed on Monday from Boston for Hampton Roads. The ship received some repairing while at the Massachusetts yard.

The gunboat Isla de Luzon, which is expected to be repaired here, has sailed from Bombay for Kurrachee, India, on her way to this country.

The employees of the steam engineering copper shop now have their over time hours so arranged as to allow the men to start work at seven o'clock and work half an hour at noon time.

The gunboat Vixen, the last of the mosquito fleet, will leave today for New York. From there she goes to Norfolk, and thence, after a short stay, she will sail for Jamaica, to perform survey duty.

The equipment department's electrical force commenced on overtime work yesterday. Owing to the large amount of work to be done, the crews will probably work in two shifts and the hours may be from 6:30 a. m. to 10 p. m.

The department of construction and repair, which has been working overtime, will work the regular hours, commencing today. The extra work performed has been carried on seven weeks.

Some of the construction laborers were discharged on Monday night.

All the poles and arms for the electric wires to Henderson's Point are up as far as the point. The poles for the lamps will be erected about the point in a day or so.

OBITUARY.

Sarah M. Sanborn.

The death of Sarah M. Sanborn occurred at her home on Cass street this forenoon, at the age of sixty-seven years and three months. Deceased was the widow of the late Jeremiah Sanborn.

TO GIVE TURKEY DINNER.

The Universalist parish is to give a turkey dinner on Wednesday, November 12, in Freeman's hall, for which there will be most abundant catering, as is customary with this people. The dinner will be served at 12 o'clock and at 1 o'clock, to accommodate storekeepers and their clerks, as well as the general public.

SENSATION AT SHOE FACTORY.

Quite a sensation was worked up at the shoe factory on Monday when it was learned that all the bosses had received quite a large cut in their salaries.

**Why not have young hair and look young?
It's easily done with Ayer's Hair Vigor.
Always restores color, stops falling.**

J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

HALLOWE'EN SPORTS.

How the Wideawake Boys and Girls Will Celebrate Next Friday Night.

Next Friday night will be Halloween and wideawake boys and girls are planning to make the most of it with the odd games for which the day is peculiar. The housewife who has a choice pumpkin laid away for Thanksgiving pies will do well to guard it closely or it may be carved into a jack-o'-lantern, and people with weak nerves should be preparing for the coming ordeal with a good tonic.

The jack-o'-lantern may not be as common in Portsmouth as it is in some other places, but there are few boys who do not know the fun that may be had with the grotesque toys. They used to be made exclusively of pumpkins and the sport of carrying them around and jumping out from behind some trees with them when it was dark was reserved for Halloween eve. The progressive boys and girls of today, however, cannot wait that long and a couple of weeks before Halloween, or about the middle of October, they make their appearance.

When this custom was young the only thing thought of for a jack-o'-lantern was a large pumpkin, but to the city boy or girl pumpkins are not always easily obtained and their place has been taken by boxes. All kinds of boxes, from the candy box to the shoe box, which is most popular, and larger boxes are used. Another advantage of the box is that it is not so heavy to carry around.

The faces are made in the same way as in the case of pumpkins by cutting holes with the grinning mouth and ragged teeth and the candle on the inside to illuminate the face. These jack-o'-lanterns are made by hundreds of children at this time of the year and great sport is had with them. Numberless other amusements have come to be combined with the carrying of the jack-o'-lanterns now, and a night spent in carrying the lanterns without a tick-tack would seem wasted to most boys.

The tick-tack is a simple arrangement, but is puzzling to many people who have never had one worked on them, as many a crowd of boys and girls have found out to their great glee. A tick-tack consists of a long piece of string or fishline with a bent pin or a fish hook on the end and about six inches from the end of a weight. The pin is stuck into the window sash or frame and then the string is let out and the person who is to operate it, as well as the crowd—for what would be the fun without a crowd?—gets behind a tree or fence a little distance off and by jerking the string makes the weight strike against the window.

A person who isn't is often very much perplexed and also sometimes annoyed at this tapping on the window. Perhaps he raises the curtain and looks out; as it is dark he can see nothing and the ticking will continue even while he is looking, yet no person is visible and the string is not seen. A casual search on the outside of the house will reveal nothing and if he gets too near the window, why, the tick-tack is promptly pulled off and there is nothing to show. It is put back as soon as the person goes away and sometimes people have been puzzled and perhaps a little scared for a long time by this continual ticking on the window with apparently no human agency. It is also a good plan to change the window after a search has been made.

There are a number of tricks like this which the boy or girl of today plays on Halloween night, and, as has been said, for many nights before. While Halloween used to be the beginning of these antics it is now usually the end of the fun, as nights are chilly after No. 1 has passed and the novelty has also worn off by that time.

WHAT UNCLE JOSH SAYS.

"I don't see no reason for hoorayin' an' fillin' the air full o' hats 'n' buntings 'cause Teddy has grabbed hold o' Johnnie Mitchell an' George Baer, bumped their heads together an' told 'em ter resume 'sociations with the breaker boy, the pick-a-x an' the mute."

"The way I look at it, there a'n't no cause for this gen'ral rejoicin' that comes a-swellin' up from all over the country. 'Bove it all, I can hear a big wall like as if a few hundred thousand German bands, more or less, was hunched on the lawn in the moonlight a-screamin' Queen Lil, with her a-leanin' pensive like over her balcony an' egglin' 'em on with a smilie like a soda and a lot o' steins full o' the reel Dutch disturbance a-settin' on the hill all in a row."

"Tis the wall o' them poor fellers that hev been tryin' hard ter squeeze

out an honest livin' and scat the wolf o' hunger out o' the back yard, by sellin' coal ter you 'n' me by the ton—er rather by the chunk. 'Tis the wall of their women 'n' children."

"Jes' as them chaps was a-gittin' on their feet an' seein' their way clear ter buy a new ribbon fer the coach whip an' lay away seven or eight dollars in the bank,—I say, jes' as the sun o' hope was cuffin' the clouds in the face 'n' mellerin' up fer 'em, an' they begun ter think o' givin' up cheap drinks an' makin' a reg'lar thing of pussy-cat cafes or gin whizzes,—then up gits Theodore Roosevelt, our president—the man elected fer the express purpose of protectin' jes' sech unfortunate, jumped on critters as them coal men—up he gits, I say, an' plugs the sun o' hope right in the eye, upsets pussy-cat cafes 'n' gin whizzes an' says sternly, "Back into the clay pit o' despair!"

"O, it's terrible, terrible! What if we did hev to pay a whole week's salary, an' as much more as we could borrow, fer eleven splinters of antyrite that would jest about give old Casey's goat one square meal? We never kicked at it, fer wa'n't we goin' inter bankruptcy in a good cause? Wa'n't it our duty ter keep the breath o' life in the bodies of these ambitious an' strugglin' noblemen of God, their wives an' their little ones? 'Twas up ter us ter see that they had clo'es on their backs an' elsewhere an' somethin' else ter eat 'sides cat meat 'n' faith."

"So we shelled out our gold an' silver 'n' stinted ourselves o' little luxuries like three squares a day an' ten cents fer a shave, that these tollin, tired men might not hev ter freeze, or starve, or jump off Puddle Dock, with the whole family tied round their necks."

"We took turns a-settin' up all night, punchin' in the antyrite one piece at a time, so the ole stove wouldn't burn too much, but jest enough ter keep the canary-bird from havin' cold feet an' Matildy's pet plants from turnin' ter icicles. An then, in the daytime, we'd let the fire go out 'n' warm our hands by holdin' 'em up ter the sun—when there was one. When there wa'n't, we'd wear three pairs o' red mittens. But all the time we hed a conscience as white as the snow thet'll be cavortin' down 'fore many moons 'n' formin' a foundation fer the Fitz John Porter statuettery. Fer somethin' inside of us told us we was doing right—'n' so did the coal dealers."

"But it's terrible, terrible! It's enough ter make a son of a Zulu general squat right down in sackcloth 'n' ashes an' pound out a dirge on a tom-tom. I hev ter chuck my head 'way down under the quilt ev'ry night, ter keep thet wall of sufferin' souls from ringin' on my ear drums."

"What's all this talk about the hardships of the miners? What do the pinched, pale faces of their babies amount to, compared with the black bird o' sorrow thet sets and yawns on the cold an' cheerless hearth of the coal dealer? He can't shoo her out with tongs or bootjack. She jest won't be shooed. There she sets 'n' yawns—yawns all the time. She's there a-yawpin' when the weepin' family draws up aroun' the bare table an' go brushin' over it with whisk brooms after a few stray crumbs thet they know a'n't there. She's a-yawpin' at noon, when they go a-scrappin' round fer more o' them same kind o' crumbs. An' at supper-time, when the holler-eyed husband and father looks tearfully out into the gatherin' shadders 'n' sadly thinks what might a-been, if the price o' hard coal hadn't been sent down the tobog by the cruel ruler of this republic—that black bird is still settin' there a-yawpin'."

"I say it's somethin' thet demands the attention o' congress. If the time has come, in this great an' enlightened country, handed down to us by Chris Colombo, in his last will and testament, when an honest and upright man can't make a decent livin' fer himself 'n' them so dear ter him, without bein' set on—I say, it's time ter turn the whole shootin' match over ter Richard Croker the First an' let him run it ter suit himself! It couldn't be any worse fer the coal dealers."

THEY PAID FINES.

Arthur Randall and Edward Oliver, the two outh arrested Sunday on the charge of drunkenness, paid fines in police court Monday afternoon and were allowed their freedom.

FRAME IS UP.

The frame of the large building to be occupied by the Silas Pierce company as a wholesale grocery on Green street is up and being boarded.

DEMOCRATIC RALLY.

Hon. Henry M. Hollis Candidate For Governor, Speaks in Freeman's Hall.

The democrats of Portsmouth endeavored to infuse a little enthusiasm into the local political campaign on Monday evening, by a monster rally in Freeman's hall. Hon. Henry M. Hollis, the democratic candidate for governor, was present and delivered an address and Hon. S. M. Gould of Skowhegan, Me., recently a candidate for governor in that state, also spoke to the assemblage.

The Portsmouth City band was engaged to furnish music and, previous to the rally, paraded through the principal streets.

The attendance was very large and much interest was displayed. At times, the speakers were rewarded with enthusiastic applause.

Mr. Hollis is a clever orator and he defined his position on the principal points at issue very clearly. He declared himself in favor of local option and advanced a number of arguments in favor of a wise license law. His remarks received close attention and he was enthusiastically cheered at the beginning and at the close of his address.

Mr. Gould spoke in support of democratic principles and urged the democrats of New Hampshire to prepare for concerted action. He also received a cordial welcome and was several times interrupted by the cheers of his listeners.

At intervals during the speeches the band played enlivening music and aided materially in awakening the enthusiasm of the participants in the rally.

The meeting broke up about ten o'clock.

PERSONALS.

Fred Gardner has returned from an up country trip.

Roy Prime has returned from a visit with friends in Chelsea, Mass.

Fred Helser has moved into the Clarke house on Dennett street.

Harold Osgood has entered the employ of the Portsmouth Shoe company.

James Holmes visited friends in Portsmouth last week.—Manchester Mirror.

Mrs. Amos Pearson is in Manchester, N. H., attending the Unitarian convention.

Robert Ducker, who has resigned from this navy yard, will go to New London, Conn.

General Chauncey B. Hoyt entertained a party of friends at his cottage in Newington on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hall of Exeter, who have been the guests of friends in this city, have returned home.

Miss Emma Haley, bookkeeper for Sugden Bros., has returned from a fortnight's visit with her parents in Guilford, Me.

Miss Dorothy Bell of Myrtle avenue celebrated her ninth birthday anniversary on Friday last and entertained her young friends.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hunter of Dennett street are receiving congratulations over the arrival of a young son at their home.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Odiorne, who have been at York Harbor for the summer, are getting their residence on Dennett street ready for winter occupancy.

John Goodrich has returned to Jamaica Plains, Mass., after a two weeks' vacation passed with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Goodrich, Dennett street.

The tug M. Mitchell Davis has been tied up at Gray and Prime's wharf since the accident in which the fireman of the boat was badly burned.

Hot, dusty weather means unclean scalps. Unclean scalps mean foul, unpleasant brushes, unless you use the "KEEPCLEAN" HAIR BRUSH, which is new and needed. Sold in a box.

LADIES to work for us on sewing machines at home. Materials furnished any distance. Good wages. Stamped envelope for particulars. Arnold Co-operative Sewing Co., 100 End Street.

WANTED—Young women to work in an office and typewriter. Address P. O. Box 1178, Worcester, Mass.

FOR SALE—Carriage, Jobbing and Horse Shoeing Business. A rare chance for a young man to continue. Established about 20 years. Terms liberal, as I am not able to continue. Apply to G. J. Greenleaf, back of Post Office.

INSURANCE—Strong companies and low rates. When placing your insurance remember the old firm, Lacy & George. 101-103.

GROCERIES—You can buy groceries, as if made of sugar, provisions and vegetables at W. F. Smith's as cheap as at any place in the city.

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Costs you but 2-3 per cent. on city property, saves you time and money. If you want to buy write me today.

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